

FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY BAZAAR NEWSPAPER

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WISCONSIN.—DESTRUCTION OF THE NEWHALL HOUSE, MILWAUKEE, BY FIRE, WITH GREAT LOSS OF LIFE, JAN. 10TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY LANDIS.—SEE PAGE 358.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1883.

NEW STORY BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

We beg to announce the forthcoming publication, in the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, of a new and powerful serial story from the picturesque and fascinating pen of Mr. Joaquin Miller, entitled—

"49":

THE GOLD-SEEKER OF THE SIERRAS,

This vigorous novel is a masterful and vivid picture of the wondrous days of 1849-50, when the thirst of gold was at fever-heat, and the eyes of the world were turned towards *El Dorado*. Few writers of the present day can approach Joaquin Miller in poetic description, while his knowledge of the gold regions serves to add the charm of realism to the glamour of romance. We anticipate for "49" a phenomenal success

THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION.

THE Senate has passed the Bill to secure an unbroken succession in the Executive office. It provides that in case of removal, death, resignation or inability of the President and Vice-President the powers and duties of the office shall run through the Cabinet in the following order: The Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Attorney-general, the Postmaster-general, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the Interior. It is certainly time that such a serious point of danger in our system should be covered. And it is a striking fact that for more than fifty years after the formation of the Government we had no admonition by the death of a President in office to guard against this danger. Thirteen terms of the office were served out by eight Presidents before the first break came, in the death of President Harrison in the second month of his term. Then the warnings came fast, and within forty years four were removed by death, Taylor early in the second year of his term, and the others early in the first year. Three of the Vice-Presidents have died while holding the office—Elbridge Gerry in 1814, William R. King in 1853, and Henry Wilson in 1875. With seven such warnings in less than a century we should not fail to make provision for every contingency.

The subject does not appear to have received very careful consideration in the early days of the Government. The convention which formed the Constitution assembled in May, 1787, but no suggestion even as to a Vice-President was made until September 4th, a few days before the adjournment, when the grand committee of one from each State, appointed August 31st, made their report providing for the election of a Vice-President, and giving power to the Congress to declare what officer should act as President in case of the death, removal, resignation or inability of both, until they disability should be removed or a President elected. This report was adopted with little discussion or change, and the convention soon adjourned.

In 1792 the Congress enacted the law which still exists, that in case of a vacancy in the offices of President and Vice-President, the President of the Senate, and if there be none, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, for the time being, should act as President until the disability should be removed or a President elected. By the same Act provisions were made as to the manner and time of electing a new President, under which, if the vacancy happened within two months before the first Wednesday in December no election could occur until within thirty-four days preceding the first Wednesday of December of the following year, in which case the officer upon whom the succession devolved would act as President for eighteen months.

This plan was manifestly crude and inadequate, and if such sharp warnings as we have received in later days had been given in the first years of the Government, a safer system would have been devised. A closer examination of the subject would have disclosed the difficulties and started the questions which have been so much discussed of late, and have led to the Bill now passed by the Senate. Were the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House officers within the meaning of the Constitution, which only gave the Congress power to declare what officer should act? What was to happen if there should be no President of the Senate or Speaker, which might well occur if the vacancy happened during the recess? If the President of the Senate did in fact succeed, was he to act in both capacities? If the Senate chose to change its President, as it may do every day if it pleases, was the new one to act as President, or was the

old one to continue, and if so, would he be an officer acting as President, as the Constitution provides? If the duties fell upon the Speaker, was he to be deprived of his important office in order to keep the Executive office running for a few months? And if not, was he to discharge the exacting duties of Speaker, and also those of the Executive office? And could legislative and Executive duties be thus blended without serious danger? All these inquiries and many more of like significance would naturally arise in any thorough treatment of the matter.

In the legislation now in progress two cardinal points seem to have been kept in view—that all chance of an absolute interregnum must be avoided; and that the devolution of Executive duties upon the designated officer shall not disturb the orderly course of the legislative branch of the Government, or cause any undue blending of functions. There will always be some Cabinet officer to take the helm. He will be in harmony with the Administration he is required to carry on. He can at once himself fill the place he is compelled to give up, and he can, if desired, be put in it again when a new President is elected and inaugurated. In these respects the provisions of the new Bill seem to be such as will guard against future dangers, and keep our political machinery in motion without jar, however rude may be the shock. But perhaps we are not so much wiser than our forefathers as we think, and another half-century may develop exigencies which will cause the statesmen of the future to smile at our shortcomings, and to try their more skillful hands in mending the defects which we are unable to discern. Our present effort is at least an earnest one, and not perverted by any party prejudice or animosity.

OUR AMERICAN SCULPTURE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that powerful forces are always operating to retard the progress of our native plastic art, sculpture in America is fresher, bolder than before, possessing a national vigor not discernible in the work of our painters and architects. The trained modeler, who has spent years of conscientious study in the statuary halls of Europe, returns to the United States to find the market for his genius practically occupied by stone cutters in the employ of marble-yards and cemetery corporations. As a consequence, there are less than twenty sculptors in the United States worthy of the name, while there are more than 3,000 painters who contribute to the public exhibitions. It is to be noticed, too, that when the walls of the Academy of Design are adorned with over 700 pictures annually, there is scarcely ever a single piece of bronze or marble to suggest that the plastic art has even an existence in the United States. Yet the popular taste for statuary is strong and genuine, apart from mere mortuary figures which are conventional and the works of mechanics; and latterly Congress has shown a commendable spirit in making liberal appropriations to illustrate in stone or metal some of the conspicuous characters in American history.

In America, where there is so much that is rich and variegated in nature which represents the artist's ideal of color, the works of the brush find a competition not easily overcome in the beauties of landscape in Autumn, Winter or Spring, which form the chief subjects of the American landscape school. As a fact, the United States has never developed a figure-school of painting, and those who can deal in this difficult branch of art in a manner that will give them a rank abroad are less than a dozen. But in sculpture it is different. From the moment the modeler begins to work in clay his only aim is the figure and the group. But so backward has been the popular taste—or, rather, its cultivation—that only a few have ventured beyond copying in part or whole the classic models. Happily we now perceive a turning-point. Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, who for years has stood at the head of our sculpture, careful and studious in his anatomy, with a genius for understanding the motive and reality of animal movement, is now engaged upon a work certainly in conception the most important yet executed in the United States—the group which is to commemorate the first inauguration of Washington, at the head of Broad Street, where now stands the Sub-Treasury building, and upon the steps of which Mr. Ward's colossal bronze is to be placed. The liberal order of Congress to Mr. W. W. Story, to execute a fitting statue to the memory of Chief-Justice Marshall, is another evidence that the people are possessed of a becoming purpose not to forget the events surrounding the formation of the American Union.

If one looks about generally in the country, it is seen that the erection in visible form of some image of the great dead is, to the American mind, peculiarly a fitting method of commemorating past public achievements, and an incentive as well to the ambitious young. The City of Washington is rapidly becoming a city of monuments. Washington himself, Jackson,

Thomas, McPherson and others are there commemorated. The national schools at West Point and Annapolis have fitting monuments by which their illustrious graduates are forever held before the students in enduring form. And in cities throughout the Union subscription monuments are the fashion.

Yet with these evidences of a grateful popular remembrance, there is little that portends any distinctively original school in the studio. A marked exception to this is some new work in which a high order of genius is marked in the sculptures of Giovanni Turini, an American citizen, who has selected some charming situations in the semi-nude which are entirely unlike anything yet shown in the United States, or, indeed, in few of the modern schools. One figure (life-size) in particular, representing a full-blown maiden, in bathing costume, about to step into the surf, yet coquettishly holding back in a charming pose, and looking out beneath her bathing hat with an arch smile, is a fascinating story of the beach marvelously wrought in such a cold medium for interpretation as marble. This and other works in different studios presage a better future for American sculpture, if the sculptors themselves will only turn away from the stupid conventionalities which can be seen at their best advantage in the ordinary marble.

FOREIGN LUXURIES.

IT is of interest to scan the record of our imports of luxuries for a single year. Such a study gives an idea not only of the growing trade of the nation, but of the increasing ease and refinement of a certain portion of our population in the great cities.

According to the Government figures just published, the imports of precious stones into this country during the last fiscal year were valued at \$8,444,000, largely diamonds, cut and uncut, but including pearls, cameos and other stones, the supply of all these being derived mainly from London and Paris, though most of the cutting is done in Amsterdam and Antwerp. In 1879 the imports of precious stones were only \$3,842,000. Over \$38,000,000 worth of silk manufactures were received in 1882, being an increase of \$6,000,000 in a single year. Furs to the value of \$8,000,000 were imported, this being fully double the imports of 1881. Most of these furs were imported from London, where the Hudson Bay Company holds a large sale at stated intervals. Perhaps the best mink in the world is that obtained in the Mohawk Valley, but the supply is small, and we depend mainly on Canada and Russia for this fur. The supply of sealskins is derived mainly from Alaska and the Shetland Islands; but, though we own Alaska, that portion of our territory, so far as the seal trade is concerned, has much more intimate relations with Great Britain than with the United States. The reason is that London is the best place in the world for dying furs; whether this fact is due to climate, the water, or the dyes employed, is a question which puzzles furriers themselves, but the fact that the London workmen brought here cannot produce the same results as in England, favors the supposition that the latter country has the advantage of better water, as well as a more favorable climate. Owners of carriages in this country now use to a large extent the goat-skin robes imported from China, as bear-skins are too expensive, and the wolf-skin robes of domestic manufacture, formerly so much used, are becoming very scarce, owing to the fact that the wolf is gradually disappearing from our forests.

Paintings to the value of \$2,853,535 were purchased in Europe during the last year and brought here, and paid the Government over \$250,000 in duties; and the total value of paintings, lithographs, photographs and statuary entered exceeded \$3,000,000 against \$2,183,000 in 1881 and \$2,104,000 in 1880, but only a little over \$1,000,000 in 1879. These plain business-like figures confirm the statement now frequently heard that art is being more generally recognized in this country as our wealth increases, though this, of course, is only history repeating itself in a new field. It is even asserted that the time is rapidly approaching when the two great centres of the world's art will be Paris and New York.

Of books, pamphlets and engravings the total imports rose to \$3,573,900 against \$2,778,000 in 1881, \$2,487,888 in 1880, and only a little more than \$2,000,000 in 1879. The foreign books imported and reprinted in cheap editions are doing much to educate the people, whatever may be said on the subject of international copyright, and there is a growing taste for black and white work in art which leads to purchases of the engravings and etchings of foreigners, though so far as wood-engraving is concerned our American artists are admitted, even by French critics, to be in the van.

Fancy goods, perfumery and cosmetics were imported to the extent of over \$10,000,000; wine and spirits to the

amount of \$9,471,000 against \$8,762,000 in 1881; tobacco to the value of \$8,216,000 against \$6,474,000 in 1881, and fruits and nuts to the extent of \$18,518,000 against \$12,511,000 in 1881, and \$10,330,000 in 1879. And the list might be extended much further.

The most striking feature of these statistics is the marked increase in the imports of costly articles within three years, and it may be taken as some indication of the enormous increase in the national wealth during that time.

OUR NATIONAL PARK

OF the fifty million inhabitants of the United States how small a number are more than dimly conscious that the nation has reserved for their use and behoof in the Far West a pleasure-ground of such vast extent and marvelous natural attractions that it is destined to be one of the greatest wonders of the world! "The Yellowstone National Park," in the northwest corner of Wyoming Territory, was "reserved" by Congress in 1872. It covers an area larger by two hundred square miles than both Rhode Island and Delaware, being sixty-five miles in length by fifty-five in breadth; and a Bill is now before the Senate which proposes to increase it by more than three thousand square miles. It is accessible at present only by the roughest and rudest means, but the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad—an event expected to occur within the present year—will bring it within the easy reach of all who may be attracted by its wonders.

This grand park, at the lowest point, is three hundred feet higher than Mount Washington. The soil, at this elevation, is unfit for cultivation, while its volcanic nature makes it worthless for mining purposes. One of its attractions is the Yellowstone Lake, the fourth in size of the fresh-water lakes of the United States, resting in placid beauty on the top of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, 7,788 feet above the level of the sea. It covers three hundred square miles, has a coast line of nearly two hundred miles, and in many places has a depth of three hundred feet. Its clear blue waters abound with trout, and every variety of wild fowl hover over it. On its banks are dense forests of pine, spruce and fir, furnishing coverts for all sorts of wild game—elk, antelope, deer, bears and mountain sheep. This lake is the source of the Yellowstone River, which flows through the most wonderful gorges and canons, and over precipices from one hundred and forty to four hundred feet in height. It is probably the grandest trout stream in the world, while the scenery inclosing it is marked by every variety of natural beauty and grandeur. The volcanic forces at work beneath the soil in some portions of the park produce the mightiest geysers in the world, and great pools of boiling sulphur-water whose borders display an indescribable wealth of coloring.

We have not space for further description of the objects of natural interest which excite the wonder of the tourist in almost every part of this grand national reservation. Unfortunately they also excite the cupidity of frontier adventurers and unscrupulous capitalists, who hold that Uncle Sam's geese were made to be plucked by the first comer. There is danger that the park will become a prey to speculators, who will set up their toll-gates on every spot commanding a view of its most attractive scenery. They are sniffing around it on every side and forming schemes for their own aggrandizement, regardless of the rights of the public. The agreement of the Interior Department to give a certain association of capitalists a lease of more than four thousand acres for ten years, with certain exclusive rights as to the erection of hotels, running stages, etc., is regarded by many with aversion; and Senator Vest, of Missouri, has introduced a Bill to guard against abuses that might grow out of this and similar schemes. General Sheridan, in his annual report, calls attention to the subject, and asks for authority to protect the game of the park from destruction by hunters. It is to be hoped that Congress, in this matter, will legislate in the interest, not of unscrupulous speculators, but of the whole people of the United States, and with a view to preserve the park from spoliation.

A HOPEFUL SIGN.

ON a recent Sunday no fewer than eighty-seven sermons upon a single topic were preached in this city and its vicinity. Such a surprising unanimity of interest proves that the subject must have taken deep root in the public mind. The subject was the time-worn one of temperance, and the manner of its discussion seems to show that, while many men are still of many minds averse to it, yet enlightened opinion is becoming more charitable, as well as more harmonious, as to methods of promoting the cause.

The experiment of total abstinence has had a trial for many decades, and has ob-

viously been found wanting. Admitting all the good done by Father Mathew and Murphy societies, and every other form of total abstinence advocacy, it still must be confessed that only individuals have been benefited; that society is in no better condition than it was before. The fact that these individuals may be counted by thousands and tens of thousands does not affect this statement, since it is widely lamented—and by none more vociferously than by total abstinence advocates—that intemperance is not only largely on the increase, but that the practice of social drinking, the custom of having wine upon the dinner and breakfast table, is spreading rapidly. It is only very lately, for instance, that breakfast wines were to be found upon the menus of first-class country and watering-place hotels; their presence there shows the drift of fashionable habit.

If, then, the practice of moderate drinking is on the increase, and the vice of intemperance by no means on the decline, after all the efforts of total abstinence and prohibition workers, it would seem that something must be needed other than, or in addition to, these. Dr. Howard Crosby, after five years of experience, is still of opinion that more legislation is not needed, that the laws as they now exist are all-sufficient, if properly enforced, to stay the tide of intemperance and consequent crime.

The state of city politics renders it nearly impossible that these laws should be enforced in our city, but doubtless there are smaller, less machine-ridden, towns where the experiment might and ought to be fully tried.

The pledge proposed by the Episcopal Church Temperance Society, and adopted in a considerable number of cases in the past year, binds the signer never to drink at an open bar nor elsewhere, except at meals, and then in "the most moderate quantities"; never to treat or be treated in business transactions, and to promote such counteracting agencies as coffee-houses, reading rooms, etc. This is more elastic, more workable, than the ironclad total abstinence pledges, and so far more likely to do good.

The most encouraging sign of progress in this movement, however, is the greater degree of charity which begins to prevail among temperance workers. The fanaticism and intolerance which have characterized nearly all phases of this work have been a serious element of weakness in this cause. Of late these asperities appear to be softening down, and a broader charity begins to prevail between holders of various views. The truth is, that neither are all people who persist in a moderate use of alcohol enemies of their kind, nor are all total abstainers fanatics. Temperance reformers of various shades are beginning to perceive this, and to be more willing to work together against the common enemy. In this there is hope. No great reform was ever inaugurated without an enthusiasm which amounted almost to fanaticism; it was never carried to a successful end without a calm and candid estimate of the whole situation gathered from varying experiences, and a willingness to adopt everything proved good, if by any means some may be saved.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE floods on the Continent have proved among the most disastrous ever known, coming as they have upon the heels of serious overflows earlier in the Winter. The rivers are at last falling, but their ravages only become more apparent as the water retires, and many districts will probably never regain their former prosperity. In Germany, especially in the Rhine provinces, the inundations were more destructive than for many years. The entire plain between Mannheim and Worms was at one time a great lake ten feet deep, and five villages were destroyed. In the Ried district, near Worms, twelve villages were nearly destroyed and 10,000 people left completely destitute. The lower parts of Cologne were inundated, and several towns below the city were flooded. The country along the Danube suffered scarcely less. Linz and Pesth suffered most among the larger towns, 75,000 acres of cultivated land lying south of the latter being entirely submerged. Twelve square miles of the Raab region, in Hungary, were deluged last week, and many thousand people were driven from their homes, while a considerable number lost their lives. The Emperor William has granted 600,000 marks of the Imperial Treasury funds as a contribution for the relief of the distress, and generous responses are being made to the appeals for private contributions both in Europe and in this country.

Grief over Gambetta's death has overshadowed all other topics in France, and the political consequences of the event are still discussed throughout Europe. Strong efforts were made to secure the burial of the statesman in a Paris cemetery, but Gambetta's father insisted that the remains should be interred at his old home in Nice, and thither they have been taken. It was proposed that the Republican Senators should issue an address to the country, but the Gambettist members were overruled by the majority, who decided that such an address would add nothing to the grandeur of Gambetta's funeral, while it would appear like an admission that the Republic was in jeopardy. The Senate

has elected the Republican Life-Senator, Le Royer, President, and the Chamber of Deputies has elected M. Spuller, Republican member from the Department of the Seine, Vice-President. The trial of Prince Krapotkin and the other Anarchists has begun at Lyons, and they have boldly admitted their belief in the revolutionary faith, and their willingness to resort to dynamite if they considered it necessary.

Spain has had a brief Ministerial crisis. A difference occurred between Señor Camacho, Minister of Finance, and Señor Albareda, Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, regarding the sale of the state forest lands on the mountains, valued at 40,000,000 pesetas, in order to provide funds to pay, during the term of eight years, the increased interest on the public debt, beginning in July. Both resigned, and the other Ministers, after finding themselves unable to agree, also resigned in a body. The King intrusted Señor Sagasta with the formation of a new Cabinet, giving him complete liberty in the matter, and several of the old Cabinet were given places in the new one, while Señor Cuesta succeeded to the Ministry of Finance. The new Ministry is based on the maintenance of the fusion with the entry of more advanced liberal elements, and the general impression made is favorable.

The prosecutions of Irish leaders for incendiary utterances are being pushed, and John O'Brien, who was arraigned for using intimidating language against landlords while establishing a branch of the Irish National League at Bantry has been convicted and sentenced to prison for two months. Two ex-suspects, who were arraigned on the same charge, have also been convicted and punished in the same way. Such penalties, however, seem to exercise no deterrent effect, and Mr. Davitt, in a speech at Birkenhead, England, last week, declared that the people of Ireland had had enough of futile agitations and semi-insurrections: they were going to fight it out this time. Mr. Sexton is coming to this country to attend a convention in February for the purpose of reorganizing the American Land League into a National League.

Sir Auckland Colvin, the English Comptroller-General in Egypt, and Mr. Ornstein, Private Secretary to the Control, have tendered their resignations, which have been accepted by the Khedive. Great Britain has formally withdrawn from the Control, and suggests the appointment of a European financial adviser who will not interfere with the public administration. It is said that France will insist upon all her rights in Egypt, and may ask a conference on the general subject.

THE public will not grudge any expense that is necessary to secure the proper prosecution of the Star Route thieves, but it really does seem that the Department of Justice is spending money pretty recklessly. It appears that Colonel George Bliss, of New York, has been paid, as special counsel, at the rate of nearly \$100 a day for considerably over a year past, and two other lawyers \$50 a day for long periods. Yet, at the same time, the Attorney-general, whose only warrant for employing special counsel at all is his inability to do the work himself, finds leisure to leave Washington and go off to Pennsylvania to argue cases as private counsel for the benefit of his own purse. This surely is not as it should be.

THE Pension Committee of the House of Representatives has acted wisely in cutting down the appropriation for the pensions for the next fiscal year from \$101,575,000 to \$88,575,000. It is understood that \$18,000,000 of the appropriation of \$100,000,000 for the current fiscal year will remain unexpended at the close of the year, and no real necessity, therefore, exists for the maximum appropriation suggested by the Pension Bureau. Even as it is, the sum recommended by the House Committee amounts to nearly one-third of the ordinary expenditures of the Government for the last fiscal year. It is probable that an effort will be made in the House to increase the appropriation to the highest amount proposed, but it is to be hoped that such a movement, if made, may fail to command the support of a majority of that body.

THE terrible hotel fire at Milwaukee, last week, illustrated the fact that telegraph-wires in city streets have become not only a nuisance, but a source of actual danger. The great masses of wires which were strung in front of the burning hotel not only interfered seriously with the efforts of the firemen to extinguish the flames, but actually cut in pieces the wretched people who fell upon them as they leaped from the burning windows. We are glad to see that the business men of Milwaukee have taken action in the matter, and inaugurated a movement to secure the passage of laws which will compel telegraph companies to place their wires underground. Their example should be followed throughout the country, for the experience of that city is liable to befall others, so long as a network of wires is allowed to stretch along any street.

THE Supreme Court of Kansas was recently asked to declare the Prohibition Amendment to the State Constitution invalid, on the ground that it violated the provisions of the Federal Constitution in taking away the property of individuals without due process of law. The Amendment in question prohibits, among other things, the manufacture of beer, and a brewer, whose plant was previously valued at \$10,000, but is now practically worthless, contended that such virtual confiscation of property was beyond the power of the State. The majority of the Court decided that the Amendment was valid, although they admitted that the Legislature had possibly gone to the utmost verge of constitutional authority, while a dissenting

opinion holds that the State is bound to make compensation in such cases. The question will doubtless be carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States, and it will not be strange if that tribunal overrules the decision of the State Court. It certainly is contrary to the common idea of fair play that a Commonwealth should give the protection of its laws for a long period to the building up of any business, and then suddenly annihilate it by a new law, without allowing the former proprietors any remedy. It is well to diminish the number of breweries and distilleries, but it should always be remembered that even brewers and distillers have rights which cannot be safely disregarded.

ONE of the best suggestions which Governor Butler made in his Message to the Massachusetts Legislature was the passage of a law prohibiting railroad employees from being kept at work longer than ten hours on a stretch, except in cases of accident. There can be no doubt that the real explanation of many so-called "accidents" is the exhaustion and consequent stupidity of men who have been so overworked that they are half-asleep at their posts. A railroad company will provide the most comfortable accommodations for passengers, and then intrust their lives to a poorly-paid switchman whose hours are so long that his muddled brain is always liable to precipitate a disaster. Self-interest ought to prompt the railroad companies to stop this abuse, but as nothing short of outside interference promises to avail, it is high time that the State should assert its authority.

IT is to be hoped that the Brooklyn Common Council will follow Mayor Low's recommendation to try the Swedish system of excise in that city. Under this system the city is divided into districts, the number of saloons in each is fixed by law, *pro rata* to the population, and the exclusive right to sell liquors of all sorts within each district is sold at public auction to the highest bidder. This makes it for the interest of every licensee to have the law strictly enforced, whereas the present loose system virtually arrays him on the other side. It also restricts the number of licenses within a certain limit, while now the Commissioners enjoy and abuse an arbitrary power in the matter. Moreover, it secures to the municipality the largest revenue from the granting of licenses. This country has much to learn regarding the best way to deal with the liquor traffic, and most people who have studied the problem will agree with Mr. Low that Sweden can teach us a lesson.

ONE of the grossest abuses at the national capital is the reckless squandering of money in the printing and distribution of public documents. The dimensions of this business are really startling, the number of documents printed by authority of the Forty-sixth Congress reaching the enormous total of 2,324,254 copies. The cost is proportionally large, the last edition of the bulky Agricultural Report entailing an expense of over \$300,000, while items of from \$30,000 to \$45,000 abound. The expense could be endured if there were any adequate return for the money spent, but it is a notorious fact that a large proportion of all "pub. docs." speedily find their way to the waste-paper dealers. What the Public Printing Office needs is the application of common sense, to the end that immense editions of worthless volumes may no longer be issued, and that the work may be restricted to such publications as are required for the transaction of public business and the reasonable demands of the country.

THE perils of the sea have been much diminished of late years, but they are still great, as appears from a list of disasters to steamships and large river steamboats during 1882. The total foots up 284, and only a few of the number have been floated and repaired again. One-half were stranded, 52 foundered, 32 were sunk by collision, and 4 were destroyed by explosion, while 25 are missing, and the total number of lives lost was 2,002. Many of the disasters were undoubtedly due to faulty construction, and this holds true of the larger ocean vessels. The loss of the Inman steamer *City of Brussels* by a collision in the English Channel, last week, affords another proof that the much-vaunted compartment system is not the safeguard which it has been claimed to be. The water-tight bulkheads too often prove such only in name, and there is evident necessity of more thorough supervision and inspection by governmental authority of the whole work of steamship construction.

THE postal telegraph scheme again appears in Congress in the form of a Bill, introduced in the House, proposing that the Government shall establish a telegraph postal office at every post office where there is a carrier system, and one at any office near the lines provided for where the postmaster will give a sufficient bond to make good any deficiency which may be incurred on account of the telegraph. The telegraph line proposed is to run from Portland, Me., to Topeka, Kan., with branches to all principal cities between the longitudes of those points, and the rate is to be a uniform one of twenty-five cents per message of ten words, or less, and twenty-five cents for every additional ten words. For the construction of the line the Government is to issue bonds to the amount of \$3,000,000, payable in thirty years. The Bill appears to be carefully framed, but is not at all likely to receive the sanction of the House. The country is not yet prepared to go into the business of telegraphy, and will scarcely do so for some time except as a possible relief from the growing extortions of the corporation monopolists who now control our telegraphic system.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

REPORTS from the Newfoundland herring fleet promise a very lucrative season.

THE Tennessee Legislature has elected Atha Thomas State Treasurer, to succeed the defaulter Polk.

THE Democratic State Committee of Maine has resolved to nominate straight party tickets in the future.

PROFESSOR MITCHELL, of the Coast Survey, estimates the cost of improving the Mississippi River at \$40,000,000.

THE Baptist Seminary at Lewisburg, Pa., has been presented \$100,000 by Mr. William Bucknell, of Philadelphia.

SUB-COMMITTEES of the Senate and House have agreed to advise the purchase, for the sum of \$15,000, of the house in which Lincoln died.

AN active temperance campaign has been opened in Delaware to obtain, if possible, the passage of a prohibitory law by the present Legislature.

THE opposition members of the Michigan Legislature have nominated Byron G. Stout, of Pontiac, as their candidate for Senator against Mr. Ferry.

THE report that Princess Louise will spend the Winter at Charleston, S. C., is denied. She will sail from that port for Bermuda about the 24th instant.

THE snowstorm of last week extended over a wide extent of country, and was especially severe on the New Jersey coast, where several vessels were wrecked.

THE Senate Military Committee will favorably report the Bill fixing the number of enlisted men in the army at 30,000, and increasing the pay of privates from \$12 to \$16 per month.

THE Bill to restore General Fitz-John Porter to the Army passed the Senate, on the 11th instant, by a vote of 33 to 27—Messrs. Hoar, Sewell and Cameron, of Pennsylvania, voting affirmatively with the Democratic Senators.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND of New York has nominated James Shanahan for Superintendent of Public Works. He has also nominated William E. Rogers, John D. Kieran and John O'Donnell for State Railroad Commissioners.

A CORPORATION has been organized to hold a world's fair in Boston some time next Summer in the building of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association. It is proposed to have an exhibition of foreign arts, products, and manufactures only.

UNITED STATES SENATOR RANSOM, of North Carolina, has been nominated for the term of six years. In Massachusetts there is a possibility that the Democrats and some Independent Republicans may unite in support of General Butler for the Senate in place of Mr. Hoar.

A JOINT resolution will be presented to the House by the Committee on Foreign Affairs authorizing the President to take the necessary steps towards negotiating a new treaty with Germany, under which better protection will be secured for naturalized American citizens in that Empire.

THE Attorney-general of Pennsylvania proposes to file a bill in the Supreme Court, in the name of the State, praying that contracts and consolidations entered into by the Western Union Telegraph Company with other companies in that State, in violation of the constitutional provisions and the general statutes, may be declared void.

GOVERNOR S. M. CULLOM has received the Republican nomination for United States Senator from Illinois. In Wisconsin Mr. Windom has been nominated by the Republican legislative caucus. Forty-seven Republicans, however, staid out of the caucus, and unless some of these can be brought into line, Mr. Windom's election may be prevented.

THE House has passed the Shipping Bill, which removes some of the burdens and restrictions upon the employment of shipping and the admission of shipbuilding materials free of duty. Amendments allowing the free purchase of ships abroad, and providing for bounty on the use of American materials under the name of drawbacks, were rejected.

THE City Bank of Jersey City and a savings bank in the same city suspended payment last week, having been wrecked by the President of the former, who was also Treasurer of the latter, and who squandered \$50,000 of the funds in stock speculation. The offending official is held for trial, and the Cashier of the Savings Bank has also been arrested.

THE commission charged with the negotiation of a commercial treaty between this country and Mexico are said to have nearly completed their work. It is understood that the proposed treaty provides for the free importation into Mexico of the manufactured goods of the United States, and the free importation into the United States of the raw material products of Mexico.

AN association has been formed in New York city, with Mr. Howard Potter as President, for the purpose of promoting by legislative and other measures the restoration and improvement of the scenery of Niagara Falls in accordance with the plan which was approved by the State Assembly in 1880, but failed in the Senate. It is proposed to have the State purchase enough land about the Falls to preserve the natural scenery, and to cooperate with Canada for that purpose.

Foreign.

STANLEY, the African explorer, is back again on the Congo, which he is ascending with 3,000 tons of goods.

THE Government of Italy is said to have lately given marked proof of fidelity to the understanding with Austria and Germany.

MR. GLADSTONE will this week go to Cannes, France, having been advised to take complete rest until the meeting of Parliament.

CETTYWATO has arrived in Zululand, but his reception does not appear to have been very cordial, only a few chiefs meeting him on his arrival.

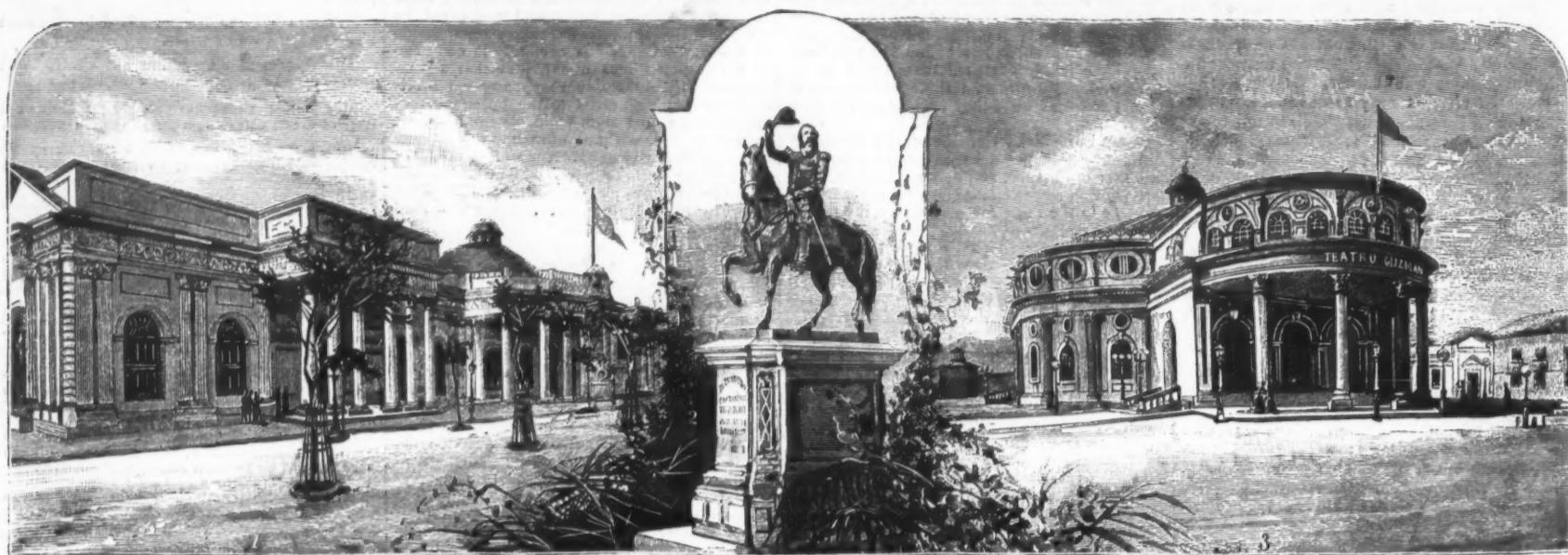
THE Hungarian Government has introduced a Bill authorizing an exhibition at Pesth in 1885, to which the state will contribute 400,000 florins.

THE new Spanish Minister of Justice, Señor Giron, announces that he proposes to abolish the execution of women and the suppression of newspapers.

THE depreciation in the value of the crops in Ireland for 1882 was £5,118,157, against £2,527,654, the average of the preceding ten years. The bulk of the loss was on the potato crop.

IT is announced that General Saussier, at present commanding a division of the French troops in Algiers, has been appointed to succeed the late General Chauzy in the command of the Sixth Army Corps.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See PAGE 359.



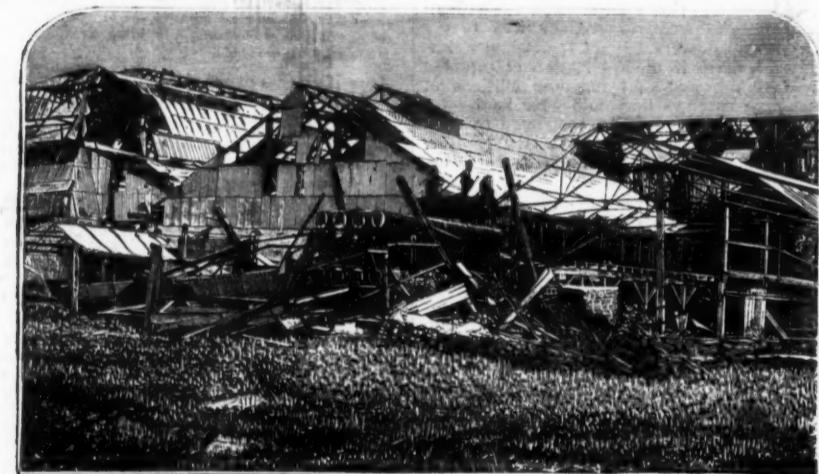
1. The Federal Palace. 2. Statue of the President of the Republic. 3. The Theatre "Guzman Blanco."
VENEZUELA.—VIEWS IN CARACAS, THE CAPITAL CITY.



ITALY.—THE CRYPT OF ST. JANUARIUS AT NAPLES, WHERE THE LIQUEFYING VIAL IS KEPT.



SWITZERLAND.—THE PARADE-SQUARE IN ZURICH.



THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.—TERRIBLE DEVASTATION OF PROPERTY AT MANILA BY A HURRICANE—WRECK OF SUGAR MILLS.



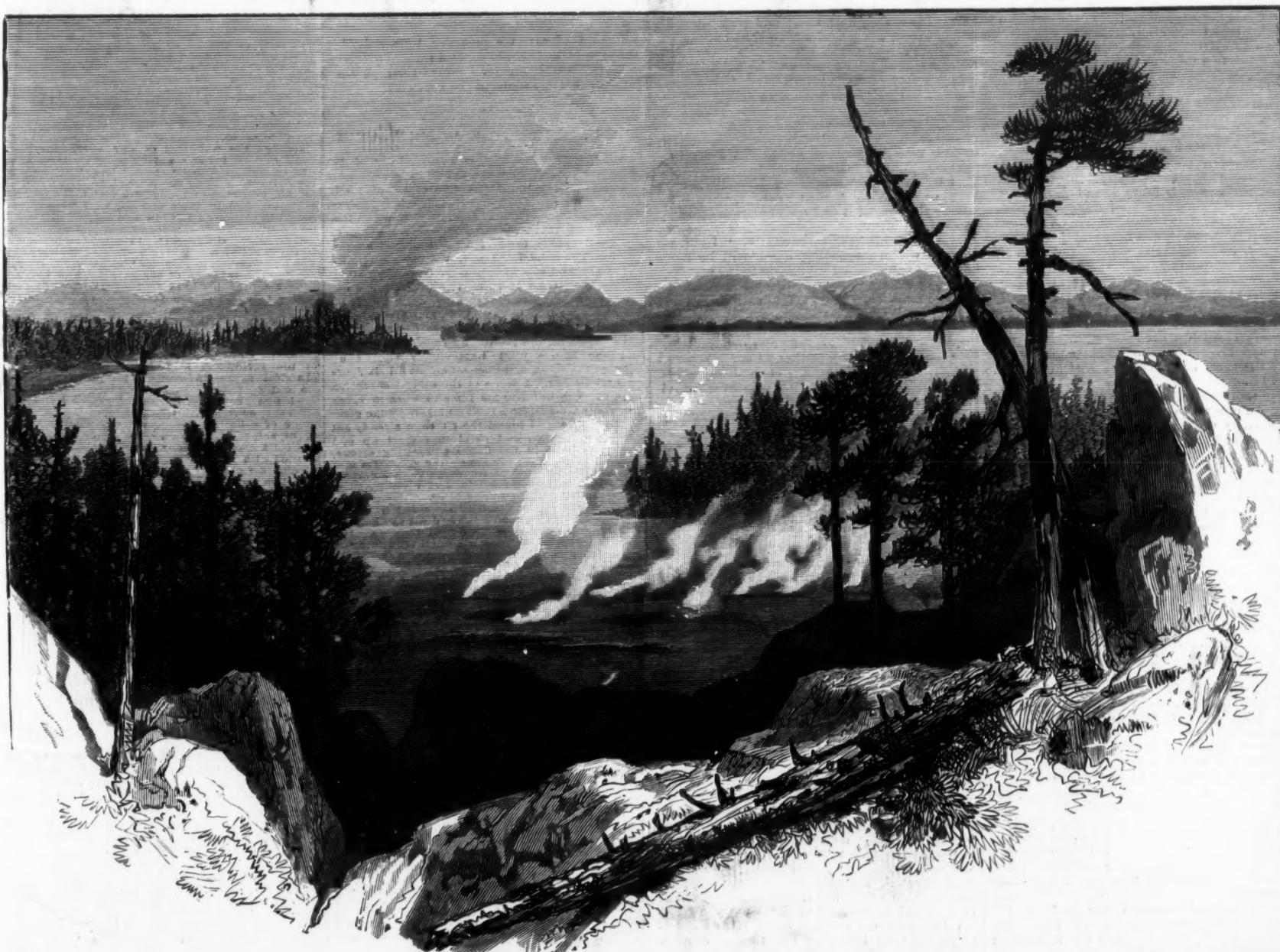
BULGARIA.—AN EVENING MEAL AT AN INN.



DENMARK.—THE CHOIR IN THE FRELSEREN CHURCH, CHRISTIANHAVEN.



MONTANA.—SCENE AT FORT KEOGH—INDIAN SCOUTS BRINGING IN SCALPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY HOLTES.—SEE PAGE 358.



WYOMING.—VIEW OF YELLOWSTONE LAKE, IN THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—SEE PAGE 358.

TWO EPITAPHS.

"Memento mori." "Gedenke zu Leben."
 "THINK of Death!" the gravestones say—
 "Peace to Life's mad striving!"
 But the churchyard daisies—"Nay,
 Think of Living!"
 "Think of Life!" the sunbeams say,
 "O'er the dial flying;
 But the slanting shadows—"Nay,
 Think of Dying!"
 "Think of Death!" the night-birds say,
 "On the storm-blast driving;
 But the building swallows—"Nay,
 Think of Living!"
 "Think of Life!" the broad winds say,
 "Through the old trees sighing;
 But the whirling leaf-dance—"Nay,
 Think of Dying!"
 "Think of Death?" the sad bells say,
 "Fateful record giving;
 Clash the merry Yule-peal—"Nay,
 Think of Living!"
 Dying, Living, glad, or loath,
 On God's Road relying;
 Pray He fit us all for both—
 Living, Dying!

IN THE CREVASSE.

By C. L. HILDRETH.

"THE glacier will not be safe to day," said the old guide, shaking his head gravely. "There is a yellow mist over the cap of old Heiligen Alp, and that means a thaw." "Well, and what of that?" asked the younger man, whom I had chosen for my guide. "Neither one day's nor one month's thaw is going to melt the Mer de Glace." "No," said the old man, "but a thaw sometimes splits the glacier into crevasses. I've seen the Mer de Glace as full of cracks as the bottom of a dried-up pond in Summer. Many a good fellow has lost his life at the bottom of those chasms."

"It's not a crack in the ice, nor a crack in an old man's brain that is going to scare Franz Berg," said the young man, laughing. "I've been guide here, boy and man, these fifteen years, and I never heard of even a goat being lost in a crevasse."

"Well, well, have your own way," muttered the old man, "wisdom is learned by experience. Happy for you if you live to profit by it."

I was somewhat disturbed by the old guide's ominous words, but not deterred from my original purpose. I had come all the way from Geneva expressly to see the glacier, and it was not the prophecies of a doting old man that was going to interfere with my object. I had but one day to spare. The weather was beautiful. The sky was brilliantly blue, and the snow-crowned caps of the mountains sparkled like gigantic prisms in the sun. I, for one, could not see the yellow mist to which the old man had referred, and was greatly inclined to attribute his warning, as my guide had done, to a megrim of his old brain.

Our preparations, consisting of high boots, shod with spikes, steel-tipped staves and a wicker flask of spirits apiece, were soon complete. We set out at ten in the forenoon, and by twelve had reached the left bank of the great ice river which we proposed to cross.

I paused a moment awe-struck at the magnificent spectacle. Imagine a gigantic river, perhaps two miles broad, whirling between vast snow-capped hills, suddenly frozen to a slow, moving torrent of ice. Vast heaps of snow lay upon it, and here and there masses of rock, weighing tons, detached from some gorge far up the impassable cliffs.

Very near us a narrow fissure or cleft ran diagonally across the body of the ice; the sides, smooth as glass and of a deep lustrous green, descending sheer into impenetrable darkness. Such a crevasse as this, the guide said, was always to be found in the glacier, and only the most ordinary care was necessary to avoid it.

We scrambled down upon the ice and began to make our way cautiously across it. Owing to various obstructions, such as heaped-up snow, or soft spots in the ice, our progress was very slow. After an hour of hard work we had not accomplished one-half of the distance. I sat down upon a cube of rock to rest and look about me.

A change had already taken place in the weather. The sun was obscured by a dense, leaden-colored mist, and the valley of the glacier itself seemed to be choked with masses of whirling vapor. My outside garments were wet, and all around us the ice sent up a cold and benumbing steam.

As I sat in a far from comfortable frame of body and mind, I was startled by a far-off, dull, booming sound, the echoes of which seemed to be repeated interminably among the hills.

"What was that?" I asked the guide.

"Most likely an avalanche on the Heiligen Alp," he replied. "They are always falling there—"

He was interrupted by a repetition of the sound, much nearer to us, accompanied by a tremendous shock that seemed to shake the ice beneath us. I looked at him inquiringly, and observed that he was slightly pale.

"A crevasse," he said, answering my look with an air of unconcern that I could see was not wholly real. "When the ice parts it makes a noise like a cannon. It is nothing. However, we had better be moving. I don't like the looks of this fog."

We arose and resumed our journey, the guide directing our course by occasional glimpses of the Alps through the wreaths of fog which every moment became more dense. We had not proceeded twenty steps, however, when the guide suddenly paused and motioned me back. At that instant there came another

report, so loud and sharp that I was absolutely stunned, and right in front of us a long, jagged line appeared in the ice, widening rapidly, until two sheer walls faced each other more than ten feet apart.

Though the chasm lay directly in our way, to cross it was out of the question. The guide turned quickly to the right, and we followed the brink of the crevasse, hoping to find a point where it ended or was narrow enough to spring over. The fog had now become so dense that we could not see a dozen steps before us, and we were forced to move at a snail's pace in order to avoid falling into some unseen abyss. We had gone on in this way perhaps five minutes, when there came another report, followed by a series of weaker shocks. The guide and I paused and looked around us.

The situation had become, to say the least, embarrassing. During a momentary lilt of the fog, we saw all around us a perfect network of cracks, intersecting one another at every angle. Then, as the vapor closed in again, we could hear on every side tremendous crashings and grindings, as the huge masses of ice approached or receded from each other.

What to do now was a serious question. To proceed a single yard might be to precipitate ourselves to the bottom of some frightful chasm, and to remain where we were might be merely waiting until the ice should open beneath our feet and engulf us. But we were speedily forced to a conclusion. While we stood a few feet apart anxiously discussing our position, there was another shock, and I was blinded by a shower of small particles of ice.

When I cleared my eyes I saw that another cleft had opened directly at my feet, between myself and the guide. It was rapidly widening, and in a few seconds would completely separate me from my companion. Without hesitation I sprang across it and stood beside him. He looked at me with a grave face.

"We are in great danger," he said, simply. "Yes," I replied, as quietly as I could, "but we must do our best to get out of it. What do you advise?"

"We must not stop here," he said, peering into the fog; "we are evidently in the very centre of these crevasses. If we could get nearer to either bank we should be safer. I think we had better follow one of these cracks until we can cross it. We shall have to feel our way, for this fog hides everything."

"Very good," I replied; "lead on and I will keep close behind you."

Crouching almost to our hands and knees, we proceeded slowly onward, keeping the main crevasse, a cleft some twenty feet wide, on our left. For nearly an hour we went on in this way, and still the awful chasm yawned beside us. Indeed, it seemed to me that we had not moved at all, and that I recognized certain peculiarities in our surroundings as similar to those I had noticed at our point of departure.

While I was pondering this disquieting notion, I saw the guide stoop and pick up some object from the ice. He turned and looked at me with a white face.

"We need go no further," he said, holding up his spirit-flask. "I dropped that an hour ago on the ice beside the crevasse."

"In other words," said I, "we have been traveling in a circle for the last hour."

"Yes, the crevasse is all around us," he replied, with a drooping head. "We are imprisoned upon an island of ice."

I was silent for a moment, struggling with my own dread. "Well," said I, "we must make the best of it and wait until the crevasse closes again."

He shook his head sorrowfully. "The mass of ice we are standing upon will be more likely to split up and we be sent to the bottom."

"The case is hopeless, then," I said. "We can do no more. Let us meet death as bravely as we can."

"Old Kober was right," he muttered. "He warned me, and I have led you to your death."

"Let us not speak of that," I answered. "I do not blame you, Franz. Let us shake hands, then sit down and wait for whatever Providence sees fit to do unto us."

"You are a brave man," he said, grasping my hand.

Desiring to prepare myself for what was to come as well as I might, I withdrew a little distance from him, and sitting down, covered my eyes with my hand. Meantime the grinding and crashing went on all about me. The fog had settled down so heavily that it was almost like night.

Suddenly and without warning, there was a roar like a thousand thunder peals, a blinding dash of ice particles, and I felt as if I had been seized and hurled bodily into the air. Then, with Franz's wild cry in my ears, and the sound of a furious wind rushing past me, I seemed to be sinking down, down into unfathomable depths. Then came a violent jar, and I knew no more.

When consciousness returned I found myself at the bottom of a tremendous gorge, one wall of which receded upwards at an angle. It was by sliding down this incline that I had escaped being dashed to pieces—only to await death in a more lingering and horrible form. The gorge was lighted by a pale-greenish glow from the polished faces of the ice, and far above I could see a narrow streak of outer day. My shock and fall had aroused a temporary resentment against my cruel fate. I looked around for some means of escape. One wall of the crevasse absolutely leaned over me, and this a cat could not have climbed; the other, as I have already said, sloped upwards at a considerable angle, but it was so slippery that I could find no foothold upon it.

I had with me nothing but a strong clasp-knife, but with this poor tool I began desperately hacking niches for my hands and feet in the ice. It was slow and painful work. When at the end of four or five hours I found that I had not progressed more than ten yards

upwards, my heart sickened, I relaxed my hold, and slid, numb and despairing, to the bottom again.

By this time night had come upon the world above, and in the chasm it was perfectly black. I wrapped my coat about me and lay down in the crevasse, perfectly careless as to the end of it all. Some time towards morning, worn out with fatigue and excitement, I fell asleep.

It must have been late in the day when I awoke. I started to my feet and looked around me. A significant change had taken place in the condition of the crevasse. When I had fallen into it, the chasm had been fully twenty feet in width. It was now less than six. The cleft of sky was reduced to a mere white line far above. The walls were approaching each other—the crevasses was closing again. In the course of a few hours I should be crushed to pieces between the meeting masses of ice.

The thought had now no terror for me. Mentally and physically I was benumbed and callous. I sat down upon the bottom of the crevasse, stolidly watching the slow approach of the opposite wall, until it began to press against my feet; then I arose to a standing posture and continued to eye it vacantly as before.

Another hour went by; it might have been a moment or an age, so far as my dulled comprehension was concerned. The walls had now approached so closely that I could touch the opposite one with my outstretched hands. At this juncture a small object struck me sharply upon the head. I supposed it to be a fragment of ice detached from the ice-walls above, and paid no attention to it. But the blow was repeated more violently, and I looked up carelessly to see whence it came.

It was with a sense of absolute pain, so great was the revulsion from despair to hope, that I saw the end of a knotted rope dangling before me. Some one had discovered my situation, who it was or how I did not stop to think, and had come to my rescue.

I seized the rope and hurriedly knotted it under my arms, and, uttering a shout to those above, was slowly and painfully drawn up through the fast narrowing cleft. A dozen strong arms lifted me out into the sunlight. Eager faces, among which I recognized those of Franz and the old guide, bent over me; then I knew no more.

My fainting fit lasted only a few moments, but as I opened my eyes and sat up, the crevasses out of which I had been drawn closed together with a terrific crash.

I learned that I had been engulfed alone, and that Franz had been left safe upon a detached block of ice. At early dawn, finding the crevasses closing around and the glacier becoming passable again, he had hastened back to the village and procured ropes and assistance, with the hope that I might still be alive at the bottom of the crevasses. They had trailed the rope along the crevasses, knowing that if I was still alive it would attract my attention. Fortunately for me, the device succeeded, and I was rescued at the very last moment.

If, as they say, we measure time only by our emotions, I should be at a loss to calculate the number of centuries I passed through during that terrible night in the crevasses.

THE LATE DISASTER AT MILWAUKEE.

THE new year has already witnessed one of the most terrible disasters by fire ever known in this country, in the destruction of the Newhall House, a leading hotel of Milwaukee, Wis., before daylight on the morning of January 10th, with a loss of life which reaches well into the scores, if it does not finally prove to cover a full hundred human beings. The hotel stood near the business centre of the city, and was known to the traveling public, having been built in 1857. The flames broke out about four o'clock in the morning, when nearly all the inmates were in their beds, and speedily enveloped the whole structure.

The fire appears to have started on the ground floor near the elevator, and the flames were immediately sucked up through the shaft, and soon set ablaze all six floors of the building. A scene of the wildest confusion ensued. The unfortunate inmates were in many cases only aroused from their slumbers by the noise of the flames, and found their escape already cut off. Men, women and children rushed up and down the halls in the dense suffocating smoke, missing in their frantic efforts the stairways and windows leading to the fire-escapes. In despair many leaped from the windows of their rooms to the pavement several stories below, although such a leap meant either death or shattered limbs. A few leaped upon an outstretched canvas held by citizens, but only to receive fatal injuries. The maze of telegraph-wires encircling the building on the south and east sides played sad havoc with those who made the frightful leap for life. Several of the bodies were cut deep into by the wires, and then torn and bleeding forms dropped to the ground. Others struck the wires crosswise, rebounded, and were hurled to the ground with a dreadful crash.

The greatest loss of life occurred among the female servants, who were lodged in the sixth story. Some of them ventured the terrible leap into the alley below, and at one time the bodies of seven unfortunate waiter-girls were stretched upon the snow and ice, with broken limbs, writhing in agony until death ended their sufferings. Others preferred to meet death by the flames, and some of these were rescued by the heroic daring of two firemen, Edward Eymeyer and Herman Strauss, who appeared on the roof of the bank building directly opposite the servants' quarter, ladder in hand. For a moment the unwieldy thing was poised in mid-air, and then descended with a crash through a window of the hotel. It formed a bridge across the alley, and before it became steady in position the men had crossed into the hotel. Then, amid the cheers of the multitude below, they dragged helpless creatures across the slender bridge until fully a dozen were rescued, all in their night clothes, though many were badly frozen before reaching a shelter. A woman in a dead faint was dragged across in safety, but at one time the whole of her body was hanging clear of the ladder, while a brave man held her by one of her ankles. By a herculean effort he pulled her upon the slender bridge, and finally placed her out of danger. Twelve waiter-girls were rescued by these brave men.

Another gallant fireman was named Van Haag. People on the fourth floor suddenly heard above the sickening groans and fearful cries of perishing people a strong voice shouting: "Here, here! this way!" and Van Haag dashing to their side bid

them if they valued their lives to follow him. The fireman ran ahead of them, shouting continually the while and offering words of encouragement. His form was indistinctly visible through the black masses of smoke, but following the sound of his voice, they reached a fire-escape and were saved. A few hours later Van Haag lost his own life owing to the multitude of wires which were strung about the building. When the wall fell it carried down the wires, and Van Haag became entangled in them, and was struck by a telegraph-pole while struggling to free himself from them. The wall fell and he was buried beneath the ruins. He was rescued, but died about one hour after.

The number of lives lost will probably not fall short of one hundred, while the injuries of some who survived will, doubtless, yet prove fatal. The death-list includes Allen Johnson, a leading business man of Milwaukee, and his wife, both of whom jumped from the third floor and were fatally injured; Thomas E. Van Leon, of Albany, N. Y., a retired capitalist; James Vose, of Newport, R. I., for many years an employé in the Government engineer's office in that city; and Mrs. John Gilbert, of the Madison Square traveling troupe, who had only been married two days before. Tom Thumb and wife had narrow escapes, and a member of their company received fatal injuries. William E. Cramer, editor of the Milwaukee *Wisconsin*, was badly burned, and had a very narrow escape.

The Newhall House was six stories high and contained three hundred rooms. A former proprietor told a reporter that he had always considered it "a regular tinder-box," the inside woodwork being exceedingly dry and the partitions not filled-in with brick. The local insurance agents had recently refused to take any risks on the building.

TROPHIES OF INDIAN VALOR

FORTE KEOGH, in Montana, is the largest and most important frontier military post in the Northwest. At times as many as fourteen companies of troops are stationed there for the protection of settlers and the maintenance of peace among the Indian hostiles. Life at this post is full of incident and opportunities for adventure, and some of its features can scarcely be said to illustrate the progress of civilization. Our artist depicts one of these features in the scene representing the return to the post of a body of Indian scouts flaunting the scalps which they have taken in their foray against menacing hostiles. Such incidents are by no means of uncommon occurrence, but it is a gratifying reflection that, as the red men are brought more and more under modifying influences, the passions and customs of savage life steadily disappear, and a few years hence such a spectacle as our illustration depicts will scarcely be possible anywhere.

THE YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

THE report of the Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, recently submitted to the Secretary of the Interior, confirms the reports which have appeared in the newspapers from time to time in reference to the vandalism of visitors to the park, and the wholesale destruction of many of its great national attractions.

The report says that "the cones of the great geysers are badly defaced, and vast tracts of the beautiful forests that adorn this wonderland are laid waste by fire annually, through the wanton carelessness and neglect of visitors." The Superintendent adds: "The most of the depredations committed seem to me so entirely purposeless that I am unable to conceive the cause that impels men and women to wantonly destroy, purely for destruction's sake. What are we to think of a man that will pack long poles, as heavy as he can carry, a great distance, for the purpose of thrusting them into the cones and down the throat of these great geysers, when the only possible effect must be to obstruct their flow and mar their beauty? This is done repeatedly, although I have neglected no opportunity to warn, admonish, and entreat all tourists whom I have met in the park, not on any account to do so. I have also, by published order, forbidden the collection of any specimens, and cautioned all persons having occasion to build a fire in the park to be certain to extinguish the same before leaving camp. But, notwithstanding all this, tourists go into the park with iron bars and picks secreted in their wagons, with the express intent to disregard the law and defy the Superintendent."

It would certainly seem that vigorous steps should be taken to put a stop to this wholesale vandalism. The Government, too, should resolutely set its face against the invasion of the park by, and its surrender to, the horde of speculators who are just now seeking to obtain possession of some of its most attractive portions.

One of the great attractions of the Yellowstone region is Yellowstone Lake, 7,780 feet above the sea, almost on the top of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, but large enough to float all the navies of the world, and surrounded by some of the grandest mountain scenery in North America. Its waters, pure and cold—in places, three hundred feet deep—beneath the rich blue of the open sea, swarm with trout, and are the Summer home of countless swans, white pelicans, geese, brant, snipe, ducks, cranes, and other water-fowl, while its shores, sometimes grassy, but generally clothed with dense forests of pine, spruce and fir, furnish cover and feeding-grounds for elk, antelope, black and white tailed deer, bears and mountain sheep. Scattered along the shores of the lake, and on the mountain slopes which overlook it, are many clusters of hot springs, solfataras, fumaroles and small geysers. At one point, a hot spring, boiling up on the edge of the lake, has deposited the mineral carried in solution by its waters, and built up a rocky rim about itself, so that wading out into the lake one can climb on the rim of the spring, and standing there can catch trout out of the cold water of the lake, and without moving from his tracks can turn round and cook them in the spring. Our illustration gives a vivid idea of the beauty of the lake and its surroundings.

THE CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL

THE great event in the lives of certain fortunate youngsters in Gotham is the Children's Carnival. This red-letter day is looked forward to with all the ecstasy with which childhood gilds its joys. Yet it is not without its cares, for rehearsals must be held, dances must be practiced, steps prepared and studied, and movements perfected, ere the night of nights bursts upon enraptured visions like a million stars rolled into one. Our illustration represents a class at practice. The patient and smiling professor has, for perhaps the five hundredth time, repeated the manoeuvre, holding the two most promising pupils by their plump, pink little hands. The grace of these little maids will win him name and fame, for the

will rejoice when the last rehearsal is over, and how they will bump and thump when the first note comes from the orchestra which is to lead to the dance upon which all their microscopic wealth of hope is set.

RUINED PALACES IN MEXICO.

THE hunger of archaeologists will find plentiful and highly nutritious food in a village of Mexico called Mitla, situated twenty-six miles from Oaxaca in the tableland of Mixtecapán. Here are to be found extensive remains of ancient palaces and tombs exceptionally remarkable from the columns supporting the roofs, this style of architecture being confined to this particular portion of Mexico. Herr Emil Herbrüger, Sr., who has explored and photographed these singular ruins, furnishes us an interesting account of them. The great hall contains six columns, and is thirty-seven metres long by seven broad. Each column is three and a half metres in height, and is of solid stone. Herr Herbrüger was not permitted to excavate, though anxious to find how deep the columns were sunk in the ground. The hall is entered by three doorways. The wall on the east is covered by hard reddish, lustrous cement. At the back is the doorway leading to the palace. This great hall was used as an antechamber for the royal guards. The tombs are all of equal size and T-shaped. The walls are embellished with stone mosaics. The vault floor is one metre below the surface. At the entrance stands a monolith column. From the column the tombs extend in order. Each tomb is five metres long by one and a half broad; each column is two metres high and one metre and a half in diameter. Herr Herbrüger, with his Indian attendants, used these tombs as operating and sleeping apartments, but after one night's experience the Indians refused to sleep in the tombs, alleging that they were haunted. The daring explorer is about to publish a book, photographically illustrated, on the subject of these palaces and tombs.

THE TURTLE INDUSTRY.

FEW people have any adequate idea of the quantity of turtles which are consumed in this country. New York furnishes the chief market, and there come into this port every year from 150,000 to 180,000 pounds. Philadelphia comes next after New York, and Baltimore stands third on the list, these two cities taking together, probably 50,000 pounds, while Boston has never developed any great fondness for this article of food, and is satisfied with about 2,000 pounds a year. Turtles are most plentiful during the summer, and not seldom are brought to New York in larger quantities than the market demands, in which case they are placed in floating cars in the slip behind Fulton Market and fed until they are wanted. While thus confined they are given cabbages, lettuce, celery-tops and watermelon-rinds, this latter article of diet being the turtle's special weakness. They can only be kept in the river, however, during the summer months and September, as a temperature below 40° kills them. Turtles vary in size from a few pounds to over a quarter of a ton, the largest ever brought to this market having weighed 500 pounds. Mr. E. C. Blackford, the well-known fish-dealer of Fulton Market, often has turtles weighing 300 pounds. The sizes most in demand, however, are from fifty to seventy-five pounds, and the customers are almost invariably hotel and restaurant keepers. In Philadelphia there is more demand for small turtles, weighing from six to twelve pounds, for family use. The price varies from twenty cents in winter to as low as ten cents in summer.

The turtles sold here come for the most part from Key West. Another source of supply is the Bahama Islands, the turtles from which region are rather small but toothsome, seldom weighing above 100 pounds, and averaging about twenty-five. The largest turtles are found in the Spanish Main, but their flesh is apt to be coarse, and they are, therefore, not usually considered so desirable as those from the Bahamas or Key West. Our illustrations show the manner in which turtles are cultivated and caught on the Bahamas.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Views in Caracas, Venezuela.

The Federal Palace, which is united by arcades with the Legislative Palace, forms the Capitol of Caracas. It is situated on the junction of three boulevards, and on the Plaza Guzman Blanco. Three salons occupy the north facade, and the centre of the building, which is oval and surmounted by a dome, is used for state celebrations and ceremonies. On the east is the High Court. The private offices of the President are here, also the offices of the various ministers holding portfolios. The National Pantheon is situated at the extreme north of the Grand Plaza Trinidad. It is a most imposing building. Silence, severe and majestic, reigns in its halls. In the Central Hall stands the statue of Simon Bolivar, the work of the renowned artist, Tenerani. The superb theatre has been erected on the site of the ancient temple of San Pablo. It fronts the San Pablo Plaza. The interior decorations are as rich as they are magnificent, and the groups of colossal statues are the admiration of all whose privilege it may be to gaze upon them. The auditorium is rich and elegant, and the seating accommodation of the most voluptuous description. The foyer is unique. Guzman Blanco sent the architect to Europe and the United States to study the various descriptions of theatres in order to be able to produce a Temple that is acknowledged to be the finest in the South American Continent.

The Chapel of El Tesoro in the Naples Cathedral.

St. Januarius was one of the early Christian martyrs of Naples; he was bishop of Benevento, and beheaded at Pozzoli in 305. He is the patron saint of Naples, and his head, with two vials containing blood gathered in sponges by the Christians at the time of the execution, are preserved in the chapel of El Tesoro in the Cathedral, which we illustrate. On three days in each year the head and vials are carried to the high altar, and there the dried blood in the vials, when they are brought in contact with the head, is believed to liquefy. If this does not occur immediately, the people regard it as an omen of coming evil. The genuineness of the miracle is, of course, disputed. It has been witnessed and studied year after year—some believing, some doubting. Addison declared it a trick; Sir Humphrey Davy considered it impossible to effect by natural means. Ramage, a recent English traveler, says: "I gave it up in despair, and retired without being able to say how the trick is accomplished, if there be any trick performed." The late Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, wrote an elaborate treatise, examining the whole question. Our illustration of the famous chapel is, we believe, the first issued in this country.

The Hurricane in the Philippine Islands.

It is impossible to gauge the terror that beset the inhabitants of Manila and the adjoining country consequent upon the visit of a tornado on the 20th of October. The wind came with a roar like that of a million hungry and maddened wild beasts leaping on their prey. Outwards it came, the sky like a pall, the air hot as if coming from a superheated furnace. Trees were torn up by their roots and carried miles away. Houses were demolished

as though they had been built of sand. Men and women and children and animals were dashed to earth. Outwards! and a whole village was laid low. Outwards! and what a moment before was a smiling town was now a heap of indistinguishable ruins. Outwards! and with one fell swoop churches, public edifices and houses crumble as though crushed in some Titan fingers. Terror spread over the land. Hundreds of people have been left homeless and in want. The tornado was such as to drive a frenzied fear to the stoutest heart. The damage done must be estimated by hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The Parade-square in Zurich.

The Parade ground in Zurich is regarded by every citizen of the Swiss republic as being next in importance to Mount Blanc itself. One of the first questions that greets you as you spin into the country of Tell is, "Have you been to Zurich, have you seen the Parade-ground?" The Square is a very imposing one, and bounded on the south by the Hotel Bauer, a peep at the "invincible Alps" being obtained over the roof of the renowned hostelry. Handsome edifices border it, from whose balconies the smiles of lovely women rain down upon the gallant soldiers, as, drilled by a grim old general, they march and counter-march to arms as spirit-stirring as the "Ranz des Vaches." This Square is capable of parading 100,000 men, and has been used as a camping-ground during the many stormy events that upheaved the sister countries.

The Bulgarian Evening Meal.

The evening meal is the meal in Bulgaria, for the day's work is done, and after food comes the soothing weed and the gossip, for your Bulgarian is a huge gospiper, and will talk as much scandal in ten minutes as any other man." The meal is spread on round tables or tables on a description of raised platform. On the platform the men, if at an inn, seat themselves, and are waited upon by a retailer who administers to their comfort through the medium of dishes with the most unpronounceable names, kid being the *pièce de résistance*. The coffee is good, if bitter, and a thimbleful of raki spirit winds up the meal.

The Choir of Freisener Church.

The town of Christianhaven is a suburb of Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. It was formerly a place of some pretensions, but now is falling into decay. It has, however, a number of imposing buildings—among them that of which we give an interior view—which still attract the attention of tourists. This interior is vast and lofty, and the carvings are especially unique and grand; marble figures appear at various points, the choir being distinguished by several of fine proportions and quaint design.

The Family of Arabi.

LADY GREGORY furnishes the London *Times* an account of Arabi Pasha and his family. She says: "It was not until the end of February that I went, with Lady Anne Blunt, to see Arabi's wife. They had moved some little time before to a new house, large and dilapidated-looking, and which Arabi was represented as having fitted up in a luxurious style—in fact, at that time the crime most frequently alleged against him was that he had bought carpets to the amount of £120. I must confess that there were some pieces of new and not beautiful European carpets in the chief rooms, but I must add that if Arabi paid £120 for them he made a very bad bargain. The sole furniture of the reception-room of Arabi's wife consisted of small, hard divans covered with brown linen and a tiny table with a crocheted antimacassar thrown over it. On the white-washed walls the only ornaments were photographs of him in black wooden frames and one larger photograph of the Sacred Stone at Mecca. In the room where Arabi himself sat and received were a similar hard divan, two or three chairs, a table and an inkstand covered with stains. His wife was ready to receive us, having heard an hour or two earlier of our intended visit. She greeted us warmly, speaking in Arabic, which Lady Anne interpreted to me. She has a pleasant, intelligent expression, but having five children living out of fourteen that have been born to her, looked rather overcome with the cares of maternity. She wore a long dress of green silk. "My husband hates this long train," she told me afterwards. "He would like to take a knife and cut it off, but I say I must have a fashionable dress to wear when I visit the Khedive's wife and other ladies."

An old woman with white hair, dressed in the common country fashion—a woolen petticoat and blue cotton jacket—came into the room and occupied herself with the children. Presently we found that she was Arabi's mother. She spoke with great energy and vivacity, welcoming us and talking of her son with much affection and pride. "I am only a foolish woman," she said, "but I am the mother of Ahmed Arabi." She took me twice into another room to see an ogleograph, of which she was very proud, representing him in staring colors. A day or two before we left I went again to see his wife. She looked a little sadder, little more anxious, than when I had last seen her. She seemed troubled, poor woman, because the Khedive's wife, who used to be kind and good to her, now says, "How can we be friends when your husband is such a bad man?" The old mother sat in the corner attending to the children and counting over her beads. I said, "Are you not proud now that your son is a pasha?" "No," she said; "we were happier in the old days when we had him with us, always and feared nothing. Now he gets up at daybreak and has only time to say his prayers before there are people waiting for him with petitions, and he has to attend to them and then go to his business, and often he is not back here until after midnight, and until he comes I cannot sleep, I cannot rest. I can do nothing but pray for him all the time. There are many who wish him evil, and they will try to destroy him. A few days ago he came home suffering great pain, and I was sure then he had been poisoned; but I got him a hot bath and remedies and he grew better, and since then I keep even the water that he drinks locked up. But, say all I can, I cannot frighten him or make him take care of himself; he always says, 'God will preserve me.'

The Native Irish Language.

THE recent census seems to prove that the native Irish language is dying out, although the inability to speak English of several of the prisoners recently tried for grave crimes in Ireland causes some speculation on the subject. The number of persons returned by the census as speaking Irish only in 1871 was 103,562, while in 1881 the number so returned was 64,167, or 39,355 less than in 1871, and that in 1871 the number of persons who spoke Irish and English was 714,813, while in 1881 it was 886,765, or 171,452 more than in 1871. These differences are, however, more apparent than real. The decrease in the number of those who spoke "Irish only" is in part attributable to a more minute inquiry being instituted in 1881, upon which occasion, in all cases where persons resident in localities where that language was seldom spoken were returned on the family forms as speaking Irish, a circular was issued to the enumerator of the district in which the person or persons resided, asking whether the return was correct in this respect. The largest number of people speaking Irish only live, as might be expected, in Connaught, where there are over 33,000 so described. In Leinster the number whose speech is confined to the native dialect is only fifty, in Munster over 18,000, and in Ulster over 12,000.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A Fossil Star-fish was found a few days ago in the lower silurian rocks of the hills north of the City of Madison, Ind. It is said to be a rare and valuable specimen.

In the Pile-dwellings near Bobenhausen, Switzerland, a hatchet made of pure copper has been discovered. Special importance is attached to this discovery by students of prehistoric archaeology.

Spacious and Well-lighted Museums for zoology, botany, geology and mineralogy, with fine laboratories and workshops and some lecture rooms, are soon to be built in Manchester, England, at a cost of \$90,000.

Some French Chemists have succeeded in solidifying petroleum, in which state it burns like tallow. This solidification is effected by adding to distilled petroleum twenty-five per cent. of the purified juice of plants belonging to the family of the Euphorbiaceæ.

A French Chemist has analyzed the juice of the so-called milk tree of Central America—to the nutritive qualities of which attention was first drawn by Humboldt—and has found that the vegetable product really possesses many of the characteristics of cow's milk.

Water, saturated with alum, is recommended by the veteran scientist, M. Dumas, as a speedy and effectual remedy for extinguishing fires. His proposition is based on the theory that the alum would coat the objects wetted with it, intercept the access of atmospheric oxygen, and thus stay combustion.

The One-hundred-ton Armstrong Breech-loader fired its proof-rounds with perfect success at the recent trials at La Spezia, the Italian naval port. The highest charge fired was 776 pounds, with a projectile weighing 2,000 pounds. The muzzle velocity of the shot was 1,824 feet to the second, or a total energy of 46,600 tons.

Senhor Lopez Netto has met with a "signified" snake in the crack of a tree in Matto Grosso. The animal appears to have died in the crevice, and in the course of its decay each particle of animal matter was replaced by a particle of woody tissue deposited by the cambium. The process is thus quite analogous to that of fossilization.

Bridgeton, N. J., has a post-tertiary, pre-glacial deposit compact enough to furnish a building material, which contains casts of the shells of the hard clam, with siliceous wood, and in which very fine impressions of leaves—including those of the sweet gum, or liquidambar, viburnum, xizanum and elm—are occasionally found.

Dr. Virchow has shown at the Berlin Anthropological Society some ancient skulls found in the Caucasian district. They are believed to afford proof of the existence of the race called Makrocephali, described by Hippocrates. The heads are large and extremely long or high in form, an effect believed to be due to bandaging in early life.

A Recent Patent by Mr. Morris, of Uddington, N. B., claims to have solved a problem which has long baffled the skill of technical chemists. By heating an intimate mixture of alumina and charcoal, in a current of carbon dioxide, Mr. Morris says that metallic aluminum is produced; the metal is purified from carbon and aluminum by fusion.

Experiments Made by M. Jenatzy, of Brussels, show that under uniform loads caoutchouc takes increasing elongations, until it becomes quite twice as long as it was originally, and that then the elongations decrease until rupture occurs. The weight necessary to quadruple the length is three times that under which the length has become doubled.

Professor Kaposi, of Vienna, has introduced continuous baths for skin affections. The patient is placed in them on a mechanical bed, and remains there for fifty or one hundred days, not only taking his meals, but sleeping while thus immersed in water. The *Progrès Médical* pronounces them successful, and recommends their introduction into the Paris hospitals.

Vanadium Ink is really the only permanent black ink known. The basis of this writing fluid is rare, and what little there is in the stores of supplies of chemical materials is very costly. However, there has of late been a quantity of it discovered in Ceylon, and it is probable that it will be found worth working for the money which it is certain to bring both here and abroad.

The strongest and most common of the several kinds of paper made in Japan is manufactured from the bark of a shrub called mitsoma, which grows about a yard in height, blossoms in winter, and thrives on a very poor soil. When the stem has reached its full height it is cut off close to the ground, when offshoots spring up, which are again cut as soon as they are large enough.

Grains of Corn which had been exposed to the full vigor of severest weather in Arctic expeditions have been found to sprout readily when brought back to warmer climates. E. Wartmann has recently added to this knowledge of what severe temperatures grains of seeds can bear, by exposing Spanish chestnuts in a temperature 110° below zero. They afterwards germinated readily.

An Automatic Electric Mechanism, that is designed to announce the approach of railroad trains, has been tried on what is called the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean line. It consists of a box filled with mercury placed under the rail at the required distance from a bell. When a train passes over this box the mercury is so agitated as to form contact with the wire communicating with the bell and thus makes it ring.

M. Pasteur, a French chemist, who has spent much of his time for the last ten years in testing his inoculation theory upon dogs to prevent hydrophobia, has communicated the results to the French Academy of Science. He states that all the dogs which he had inoculated with the virus, and which had been cured of the disease thus communicated, enjoyed perfect immunity from a second attack. Hence, he argues that dogs, being the originators of hydrophobia, should be compelled to pass through the ordeal of inoculation in order that they might thenceforth be powerless to drive men mad.

Death-roll of the Week.

JANUARY 7TH—At Syracuse, N. Y., Calvin A. Gilbert, ex-Canal Collector, aged 67; at Nashville, Tenn., Josephus C. Guild, formerly judge and a prominent lawyer, aged 79; at Nice, France, Lieutenant Samuel F. Clarkson, of the United States ship *Lancaster*, January 8TH—At Hartford, Ct., General Theodore G. Ellis, a well-known civil engineer, aged 53; in Saline County, Mo., William B. Napton, late Judge of the Supreme Court. January 9TH—At London, England, Right Hon. Sir Samuel Martin, formerly Baron of the Exchequer, aged 82. January 10TH—At Augusta, Lot M. Morrill, formerly Governor, Senator and Secretary of the Treasury, aged 69. January 11TH—At Boston, Mass., Thomas Brown, assistant supervising architect of the Post-office, aged 59; at Brussels, Belgium, Alexis Michel Ernens, a distinguished army officer and publicist. January 12TH—At Morrisville, N. Y., Charles L. Kennedy, County Judge; at Boston, Mass., John W. May, Chief Justice of the Municipal Court, aged 63; at Washington, D. C., Clark Mills, the well-known sculptor, aged 67; at Halifax, N. S., Lady Young, wife of the ex-Chief-Justice, and noted for her benevolence, aged 79.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ARABI PASHA and his fellow exiles have arrived at Colombo, Ceylon.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT has given \$1,000 to help establish a home for old actors in Para.

THE Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon has returned to London from Mentone, with his health fully restored.

THE Circuit Court at Chicago has granted Mrs. George Scoville, Guitau's sister, a decree of divorce from her husband.

JENNIE LIND has offered to teach a number of pupils in London's forthcoming Royal College of Music. Her services are to be free.

EDWIN BOOTH has commenced an engagement at the Residenz Theatre, in Berlin. His "Hamlet" has been received with great favor.

M. SERGEANT BALLANTYNE sailed for Liverpool on the 13th instant. He claims to have greatly enjoyed his visit to this country.

THE wife of Mr. Wendell Phillips is in very poor health, and a recent visitor says that he himself is not so vigorous as could be desired.

THE first state dinner of the season was given by President Arthur at the White House last Wednesday evening, in honor of General and Mrs. Grant.

M. GLADSTONE's medical adviser reports that he is suffering from overwork and needs rest. The Premier has abandoned his proposed visit to Midlothian.

REV. J. B. MASSIAH, a colored deacon of Cairo, Ill., has been advanced to the Episcopal priesthood by Bishop Seymour, and will take charge of a church organized by his own race.

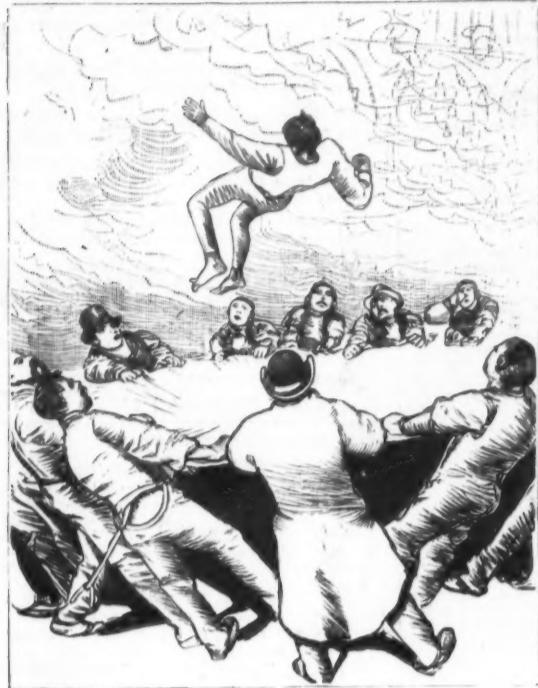
MISS EDITH THOMAS, daughter of Professor Thomas, of Johns Hopkins University, has recently received the first degree of Ph. D. ever granted to a woman by the University of Zurich.

THE Rev. W. S. Rainsford, who has accepted a call to St. George's Church, in New York, was presented with a purse of \$1,000 and a valuable clock, striking the Westminster chimes, by his congregation at Toronto, Ont., last week.

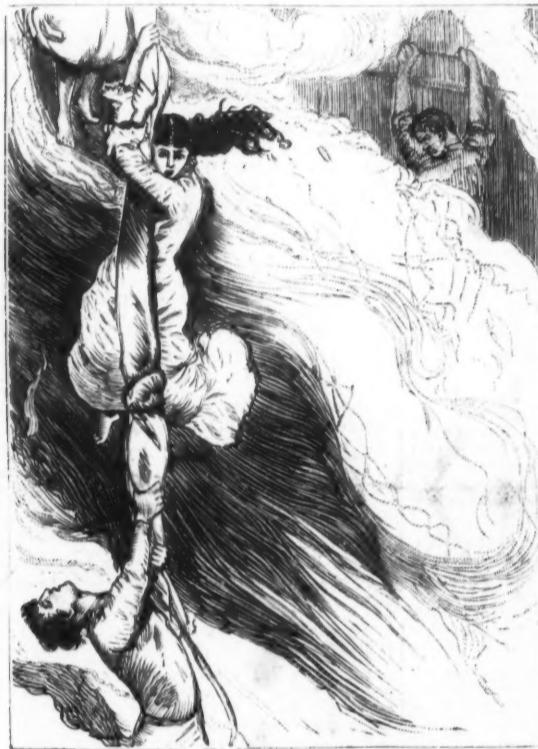
JOHANN STRAUSS, who was divorced from his second wife a few months ago, is about to marry again. His bride is a widow of twenty-seven years, a Jewess, who will have to change her religion but not her name, which is Adele Strauss.

THE tomb of the late President Garfield in the Cleveland Cemetery is still guarded by United States soldiers, who will be continued on duty until the remains are placed beneath the monument, the fund for which has now reached about \$150,000.

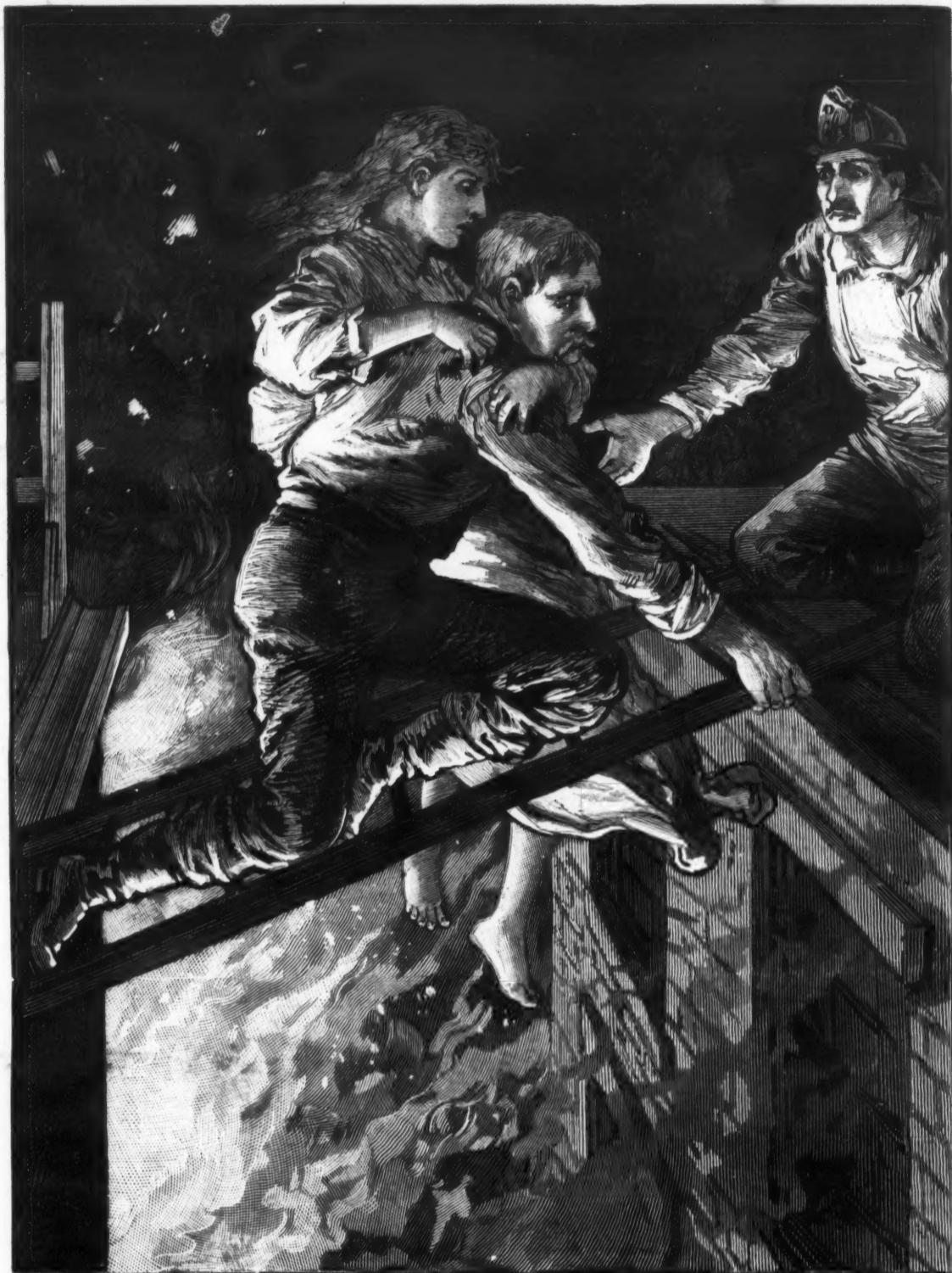
MISS JESSE F. DETCHON, of Philadelphia, has taken the full two years' course at the Philadelphia dental college, and opened a dentist's office in that city. There is one other lady dentist in Philadelphia, but, so far as is known, none in the country outside of that city.



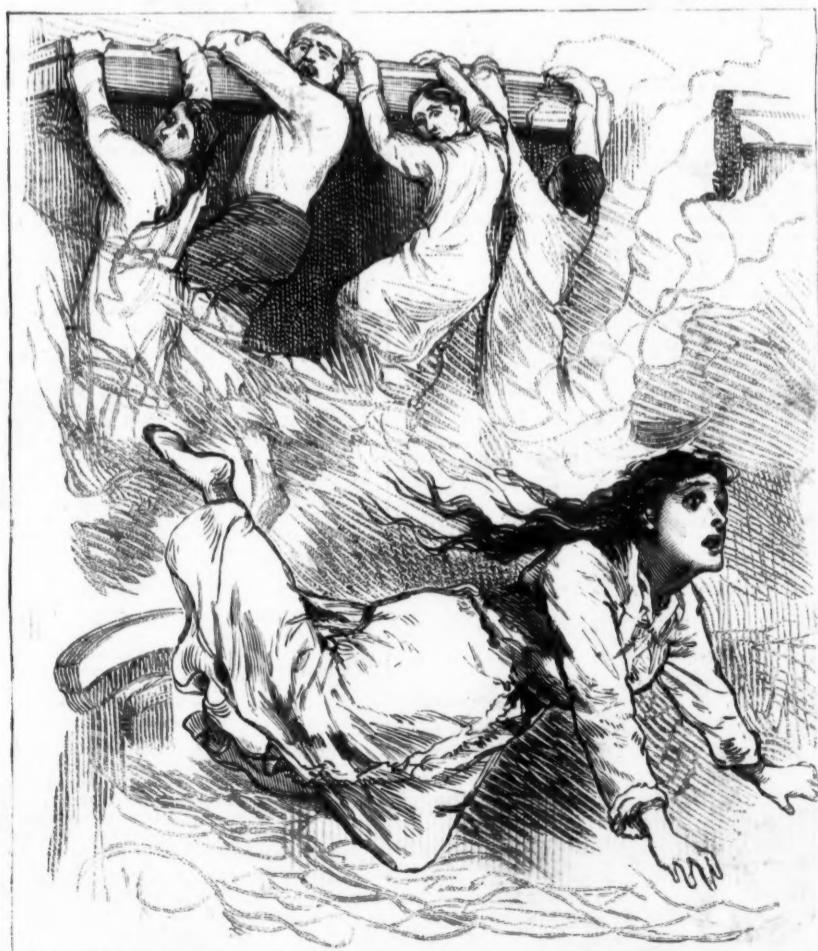
CAUGHT IN THE CANVAS HELD BY CITIZENS.



ESCAPING BY MEANS OF BLANKETS.

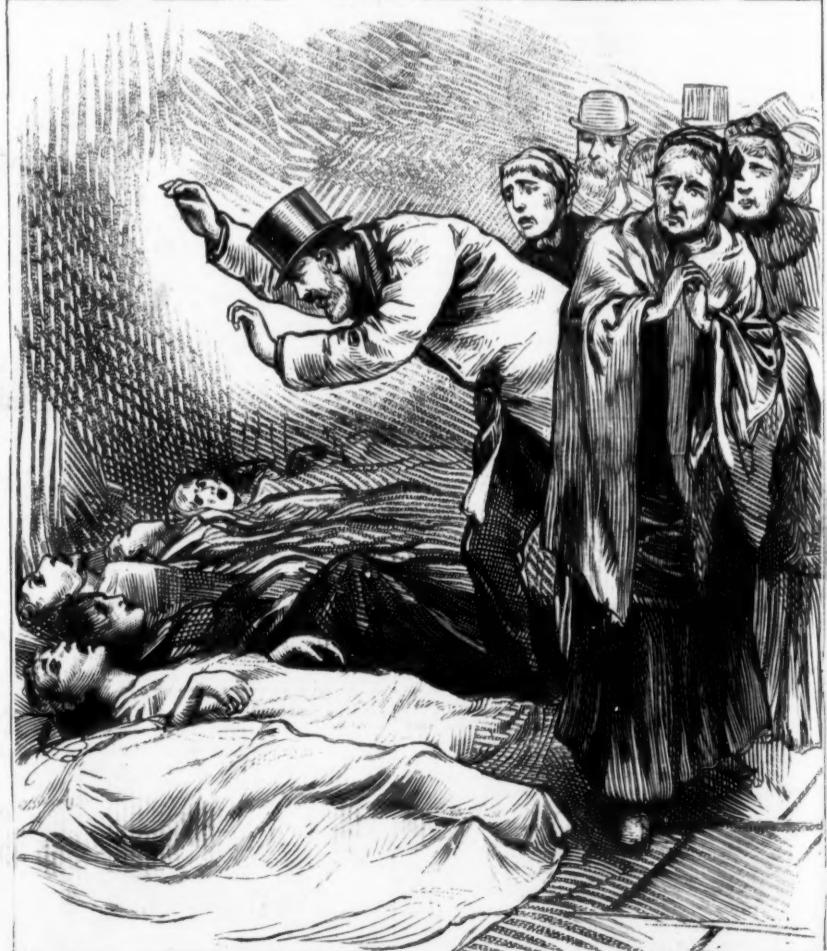


RESCUE OF WOMEN BY FIREMEN OF HOOK AND LADDER TRUCKS NOS. 1 AND 2.

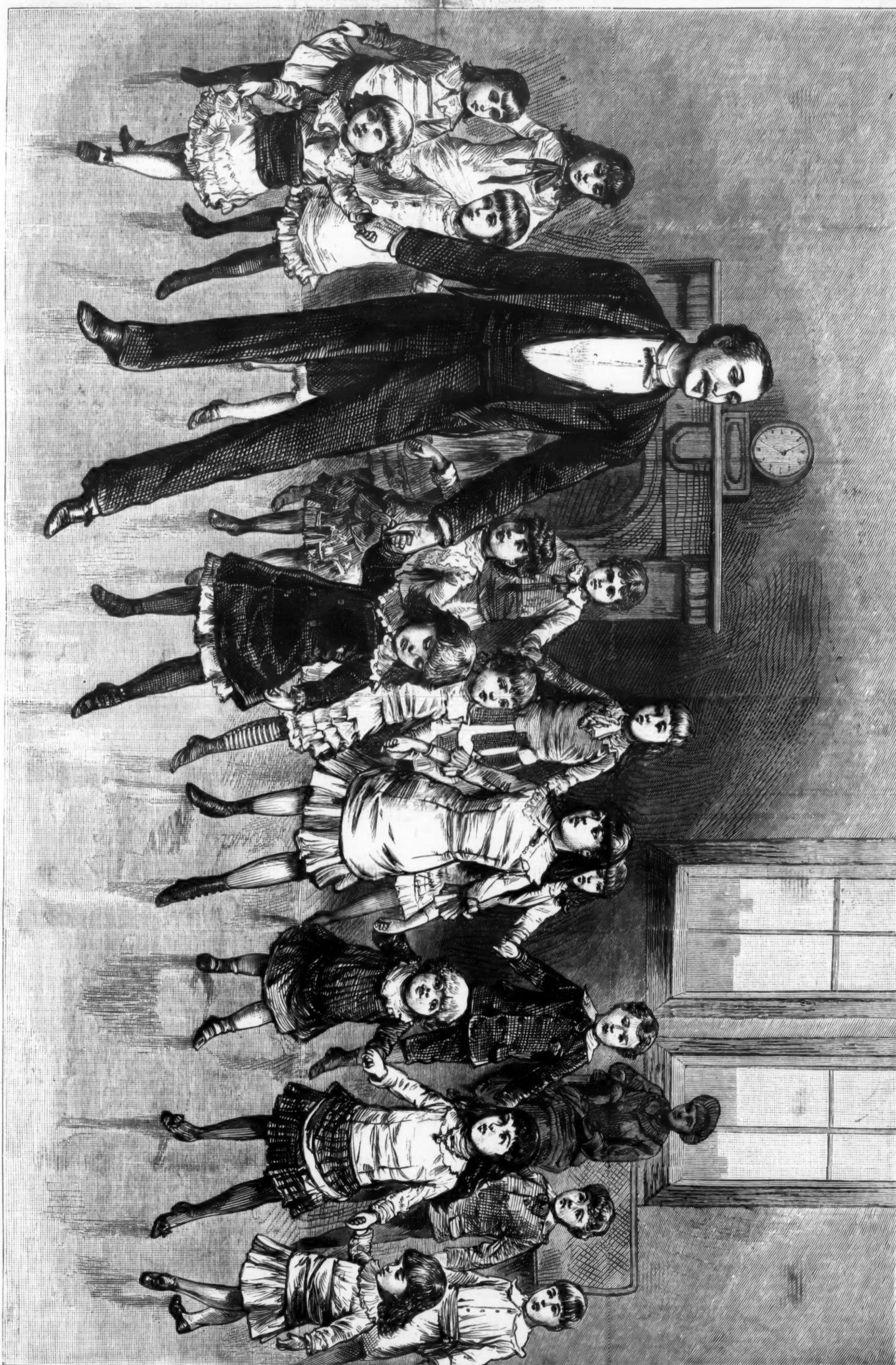


CLINGING TO THE WINDOW-SILLS.

WISCONSIN.—SCENES DURING THE BURNING OF THE NEWHALL HOUSE, MILWAUKEE, JAN. 10TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY J. S. LANDIS.—SEE PAGE 358.



AT THE MORGUE.



PREPARING FOR THE CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL—THE PRELIMINARY REHEARSAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 358.

IF.

If I might touch your lips to-night
With one of the old-time kisses,
All life's shadows would turn to light—
My heart would find all its misses,
And all the wrongs of the world would right,
If I could touch your lips to-night.

If I could look in your eyes again,
And find there the olden passion,
What would I care for the speech of men,
Or the world of wealth and fashion?
I would spurn the Now, could I clasp the Then,
And look in your loveliest eyes again.

If I could take your warm true hand
In a clasp that is close and tender,
What sudden glory would fill the land—
How the skies would glow with splendor!
And all that seems strange I should understand
If I could clasp your warm true hand.

But the sods of the grave are lying between—
And the hands of my passionate yearning
Beat on the bars of the Great Unseen,
Yet never a bolt is turning,
And the sods lie damp, and dank, and green,
My longing heart and thy face between.
—ELLA WHEELER.

HEART AND SCIENCE:
A STORY OF THE PRESENT TIME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

CHAPTER LIII.

ON Monday morning, the strain on Mrs. Gallilee's powers of patient endurance came to an end. With the help of Mr. Null's arm, she was able to get down-stairs to the library. Having rested a while, she could rise, and walk to and fro by herself. Opening a book, she read the pages easily; the lines were no longer all blurred and mingled together. On Tuesday, there would be no objection to her going out for a drive. Mr. Null left her, restored to her equable flow of spirits. He had asked if she wished to have somebody to keep her company—and she had answered briskly, "Not on any account! I prefer being alone."

On the morning of Saturday, she had received Mr. Le Frank's report; but she had not then recovered sufficiently to be able to read it through. She could now take it up again, and get to the end.

Other women might have been alarmed by the atrocious wickedness of the conspiracy which the music-master had planned. Mrs. Gallilee was only offended. That he should think her capable—in her social position—of favoring such a plot as he had suggested, was an insult which she was determined neither to forgive nor forget. She bitterly acknowledged to herself the disastrous weakness on her part which had trusted him. Now that she was a free agent again, she had her sufficient reasons for dispensing with his further services. Fortunately, she had not committed herself in writing; he could produce no proof of the relations that had existed between them. It had been arranged that he should resume his music-lessons to the girls, as soon as he could feel sure that his presence in the lodging-house excited no suspicion of the purpose that had brought him there. Then would be the time to pay his expenses, and dismiss him.

In the meanwhile, the man's insolence had left its revolting impression on her mind. She felt the necessity of finding some agreeable occupation for her thoughts.

Look at your library-table, learned lady; and see Modern Science, under all forms of public expression, ready and eager to interest you. There is scientific progress, in its present state of advancement, blowing its own trumpet; dead to all modest sense of mortal fallibility, in asserting its claims on the gratitude of mankind. There is scientific inquiry, in too great a hurry to let its results pass the test of experience, rushing into print to proclaim its own importance, and to declare any human being who ventures to doubt or differ a fanatic or a fool. There are the leaders of public opinion, writing notices of professors, who have made discoveries not yet tried by time, not yet universally accepted even by their brethren, in terms which would be exaggerated if they were applied to Newton or to Bacon. There are lectures and addresses by dozens which, if they prove nothing else, prove that what was scientific knowledge some years since, is scientific ignorance now—and that what is scientific knowledge now, may be scientific ignorance in some years more. There, in magazines and reviews, are the controversies and discussions, in which Mr. Always Right and Mr. Never Wrong exhibit the natural tendency of man to believe in himself, in the most rampant stage of development that the world has yet seen. And there, last, not least, is all that the gentle wisdom of FARADAY saw and deplored, when he said the words which should live for ever: "The first and last step in the education of the scientific judgment is—Humility."

The library table was at Mrs. Gallilee's side. She applied to it for interesting occupation, and gained her object within certain limits.

Unhappily for herself, she too had opened the wings of scientific discovery, and had contemplated blowing her own trumpet (with eulogistic echoes), in print. The professors, whose self-advertisements she was reading, failed in making themselves completely masters of her attention. Now and then her thoughts wandered away sadly to the neglected frogs and tadpoles, in her own domestic laboratory. For how many days had those pets been deprived—perhaps at the critical moment of hatching—of her maternal care! Not a creature in the house understood the physico-chemical conditions of groups, the regulation of tem-

perature and light, and the varieties of food which did, or did not, succeed in artificially transforming a tadpole into a frog. For all she knew to the contrary, the unguarded frogs might be wandering about the house; the tender tadpoles might be dead; their carefully prepared diet of freshwater weeds and coagulated albumen of eggs might be stinking. And to whom, in the first instance, were the disastrous events due which had produced these results? To Mrs. Gallilee's detested niece!

**** Such, sir, is my friend's discovery; opening up a new era in science, superseding all preconceived ideas, and promising advantages to humanity the scope of which it is simply impossible to calculate. Subscriptions to the testimonial by which we propose, in some small degree, to express our sense of obligation to this great man, may be paid to your obedient servant, —

Reaching this conclusion of a "letter to the Editor," Mrs. Gallilee took another turn up and down the room, before she went on with her reading.

The sky had cleared again, after two days of rain. A golden gleam of sunlight drew her to the window. While she was still looking out, her husband appeared, leaving the house on foot, and carrying a large brown parcel under his arm.

With servants at his disposal, why was he carrying the parcel himself?

The time had been when Mrs. Gallilee would have tapped at the window, and would have insisted on his instantly returning and answering that question. But his conduct, since the catastrophe in Carmina's room, had produced complete estrangement between the married pair. All his inquiries after his wife's health had been made by deputy. When he was not in the schoolroom with the children, he was at his club. Until he came to his senses, and made humble apology, no earthly consideration would induce Mrs. Gallilee to take the slightest notice of him.

She returned to her reading. The footman came in with two letters, one arriving by post, the other having been dropped into the box by private messenger. Communications of this latter sort proceeded, not infrequently, from creditors. Mrs. Gallilee opened the stamped letter first.

It contained nothing more important than a few lines from a daily governess, whom she had engaged until a successor to Miss Minerva could be found. In obedience to Mrs. Gallilee's instructions, the governess would begin her attendance at ten o'clock on the next morning.

The second letter was of a very different kind. It related the disaster which had befallen Mr. Le Frank.

Mr. Null was the writer. As Miss Carmina's medical attendant, it was his duty to inform her guardian that her health had been unfavorably affected by an alarm in the house. Having described the nature of the alarm, he proceeded in these words: "You will, I fear, lose the services of your present music-master. Inquiries made this morning at the hospital, and reported to me, appear to suggest serious results. The wounded man's constitution is in an unhealthy state; the surgeons are not sure of being able to save two of the fingers. I will do myself the honor of calling to-morrow before you go out for your drive."

The impression produced by this intelligence on the lady to whom it was addressed can only be reported in her own words. She—who knew, on the best possible authority, that the world had created itself—completely lost her head, and actually said, "Thank God!"

For weeks to come—perhaps for months if the surgeon's forebodings were fulfilled—Mrs. Gallilee had got rid of Mr. Le Frank. In that moment of infinite relief, if her husband had presented himself, it is even possible that he might have been forgiven. As it was, he returned late in the afternoon, entered his own domain of the smoking-room, and left the house again five minutes afterwards. Joseph officially opened the door for him, and Joseph was surprised, precisely as his mistress had been surprised. Mr. Gallilee had a large brown paper parcel under his arm—the second which he had taken out of the house with his own hands!

Moreover, he looked excessively confused when the footman discovered him. That night, he was late in returning from the club. Joseph (now on the watch) observed that he was not steady on his legs—and drew his own conclusions accordingly.

Punctual to her time, on the next morning, the new governess arrived. Mrs. Gallilee received her, and sent for the children.

The maid in charge of them appeared alone. She had no doubt that the young ladies would be back directly. The master had taken them out for a little walk before they began their lessons. He had been informed that the lady who had been appointed to teach them would arrive at ten o'clock. And what had he said? He had said, "Very good."

The half-hour struck—eleven o'clock struck—and neither the father nor the children returned. Ten minutes later, some one rang the door-bell. The door being duly opened, nobody appeared on the house step. Joseph looked into the letter-box, and found a note addressed to his mistress, in his master's handwriting. He immediately delivered it. Hitherto, Mrs. Gallilee had only been anxious. Joseph, discreetly waiting for events outside the door, heard the bell rung furiously, and found his mistress in a passion. Not without reason—to do her justice. Mr. Gallilee's method of relieving his wife's anxiety was remarkable by its brevity. In one sentence, he assured her that there was no need to feel alarmed. In another, he mentioned that he had taken the girls away with him for change of air. And then he signed his initials—J. G.

Every servant in the house was summoned to the library, when Mrs. Gallilee had in some degree recovered herself.

One after another they were strictly examined, and one after another they had no evidence to give—excepting the maid who had been present when the master took the young

ladies away. The little she had to tell pointed to the inference that he had not admitted the girl to his confidence before they left the house. Maria had submitted, without appearing to be particularly pleased at the prospect of so early a walk. Zoe (never ready to exert either her intelligence or her legs) had openly declared that she would rather stay at home. To this the master had answered, "Get your things on directly!"—and had said it so sharply that Miss Zoe stared at him in astonishment. Had they taken anything with them—a traveling-bag, for instance? They had taken nothing, except Mr. Gallilee's umbrella. Who had seen Mr. Gallilee last, on the previous night? Joseph had seen him last. The lower classes in England have one, and but one, true feeling of sympathy with the higher classes. The man above them appeals to their hearts, and merits their true service, when he is unsteady on his legs. Joseph nobly confined his evidence to what he had observed some hours previously: he mentioned the parcel. Mrs. Gallilee's keen perception, quickened by her own experience at the window, arrived at the truth. Those two bulky packages must have contained clothes—left, in anticipation of the journey, under the care of an accomplice. It was impossible that Mr. Gallilee could have got at the girls' dresses and linen, and have made the necessary selections from them, without a woman's assistance. The female servants were examined again. Each one of them positively asserted her innocence. Mrs. Gallilee threatened to send for the police. The indignant women all cried in chorus, "Search our boxes!" Mrs. Gallilee took a wiser course. She sent to the lawyers who had been recommended to her by Mr. Null. The messenger had just been dispatched, when Mr. Null himself, in performance of yesterday's engagement, called at the house.

He, too, was agitated. It was impossible that he could have heard what had happened. Was he the bearer of bad news? Mrs. Gallilee thought of Carmina first, and then of Mr. Le Frank.

"Prepare for a surprise," Mr. Null began, "a joyful surprise, Mrs. Gallilee! I have received a telegram from your son."

He handed it to her as he spoke.

"September 6th.—Arrived at Quebec, and received information of Carmina's illness. Sail to-morrow for Liverpool. Break the news gently to C. For God's sake, send telegram to meet me at Queenstown."

It was then the 7th of September. If all went well, Ovid would be in London in ten days more.

CHAPTER LIV.

MRS. GALLILEE read the telegram—paused—and read it again. She let it drop on her lap; but her eyes still rested mechanically on the slip of paper. When she spoke, her voice startled Mr. Null. Usually loud and hard, her tones were strangely subdued. If his back had been turned towards her, he would scarcely have known who was speaking to him.

"I must ask you to make allowances for me," she began, abruptly; "I scarcely know what to say. This surprise comes at a time when I am badly prepared for it. I am getting well; but, you see, I am not quite so strong as I was before that woman attacked me. My husband has gone away—I don't know where—and has taken my children with him. Read his note; but don't say anything. You must let me be quiet or I can't think."

She handed the letter to Mr. Null. He looked at her—read the few words submitted to him—and looked at her again. Who could have supposed that she would have been affected in this way by the return of her son?

Mrs. Gallilee drew a long, heavy breath. "I have got it now," she said, and turned to Mr. Null. "My son is coming home in a hurry, because of Carmina's illness. Has Carmina written to him?"

"Impossible," Mrs. Gallilee, in her present state of health.

"In her present state of health? I forgot that. There was something else? Oh, yes. Has Carmina seen the telegram?"

Mr. Null explained. He had just come from Carmina. In his medical capacity, he had thought it judicious to try the moral effect on his patient of a first allusion to the good news. He had only ventured to say that Mr. Ovid's agents in Canada had heard from him on his travels, and had reason to believe that he would shortly return to Quebec. Upon the whole, the impression produced on the young lady—

It was useless to go on. Mrs. Gallilee was pursuing her own thoughts, without even a pretense of listening to him.

"I want to know who wrote to my son," she persisted. "Was it the nurse?"

Mr. Null considered this to be in the last degree unlikely. The nurse's language showed a hostile feeling towards Mr. Ovid, in consequence of his absence.

Mrs. Gallilee again repeated his last words. "In consequence of his absence." Yes. Just so. I suppose I may keep the telegram?"

Prudent Mr. Null offered a copy—and made the copy then and there. The original (he explained) was his authority for acting on Mr. Ovid's behalf, and he must, therefore, beg leave to keep it. Mrs. Gallilee permitted him to exchange the two papers. "Is there anything more?" she asked. "Your time is valuable, of course. Don't let me detain you."

"May I feel your pulse before I go?" said Mr. Null.

She held out her arm to him in silence.

The carriage came to the door while he was counting the beat of the pulse. She glanced at the window, and said: "Send it away." Mr. Null remonstrated. "My dear lady, the air will do you good." She answered obstinately and quietly, "No," and once more became absorbed in thought. It had been her intention to combine her first day of carriage-exercise

with a visit to Teresa's lodgings, and a personal exertion of her authority. The news of Ovid's impending return made it a matter of serious importance to consider this resolution under a new light. She had now not only to reckon with Teresa, but with her son. With this burden on her mind—already heavily laden by the sense of injury which her husband's flight had aroused—she had not even reserves enough of energy to spare for the trifling effort of dressing to go out. She broke into irritability for the first time. "I am trying to find out who has written to my son. How can I do it when you are worrying me about the carriage? Have you ever held a full glass in your hand, and been afraid of letting it overflow? That's what I'm afraid of—in my mind—I don't mean that my mind is a glass—I mean—" Her forehead turned red. "Will you leave me?" she cried.

He left her instantly. The change in her manner, the difficulty she found in expressing her thoughts, had produced some uneasiness of feeling even in Mr. Null's mind.

In the hall he spoke to Joseph. "Do you know about your master and the children?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"I wish you had told me of it when you let me in."

"Have I done any harm, sir?"

"I don't know yet. If you want me, I shall be at home to dinner at seven."

The next visitor was one of the partners in the legal firm, to which Mrs. Gallilee had applied for advice. After what Mr. Null had said, Joseph hesitated to conduct this gentleman into the presence of his mistress. He left the lawyer in the waiting-room, and took his card.

Mrs. Gallilee's attitude had not changed. She sat looking down at the copied telegram and the letter from her husband, lying together on her lap. Joseph was obliged to speak twice before he could rouse her.

"To-morrow," was all she said.

"What time shall I say, ma'am?"

She put her hand to her head—and broke into anger against Joseph. "Settle it yourself, you wretch!" Her head drooped again over the papers. Joseph returned to the lawyer. "My mistress is not very well, sir. She will be obliged if you will call to-morrow, at your own time."

About an hour later she rang her bell—rang it uninterruptedly, until Joseph appeared. "I'm famished," she said. "Something to eat! I never was so hungry in my life. At once—I can't wait."

The cook sent up a cold fowl, and a ham. Her eyes devoured the food, while the footman was carving it for her. Her bad temper seemed to have completely disappeared. She said, "What a delicious dinner! Just the very things I like." She lifted the first morsel to her mouth—and laid the fork down again with a weary sigh. "No: I can't eat; what has come to me?" With those words, she pushed her chair away from the table, and looked slowly all round her. "I want the telegram and the letter." Joseph found them. "Can you help me?" she said. "I am trying to find out who wrote to my son. Say Yes, or No, at once; I hate waiting."

Joseph left her in her old posture, with her head down and the papers on her lap.

The appearance of the uneaten dinner in the kitchen produced a discussion, followed by a quarrel.

Joseph was of opinion that the mistress had got more upon her mind than her mind could well bear. It was useless to send for Mr. Null; he had already mentioned that he would not be at home until seven o'clock. There was no superior person in the house to consult. It was not for the servants to take responsibility on themselves. "Fetch the nearest doctor, and let him be answerable, if anything serious happens." Such was Joseph's advice.

The women (angrily remembering that Mrs. Gallilee had spoken of sending for the police) ridiculed the footman's cautious proposal—with one exception. When the others ironically asked him if he was not accustomed to the mistress's temper yet, Mrs. Gallilee's own servant (Jane) said, "What do we know about it? Joseph is the only one of us who has seen her, since the morning." This perfectly sensible remark had the effect of a breath of wind on a smoldering fire. The female servants, all equally suspected of having assisted Mr. Gallilee in making up his parcels, were all equally assured that there was a traitress among them; the lady's-maid being the suspected woman. Hitherto suppressed, this feeling now openly found its way to expression. Jane lost her temper; and betrayed herself as the guilty confederate.

"I'm a mean mongrel—am I?" cried the angry maid, repeating the cook's allusion to her birthplace in the Channel Islands. "The mistress shall know, this minute, that I'm the woman who did it!"

"Why didn't you say so before?" the cook retorted.

"Because I promised my master not to tell on him till he got to his journey's end."

"Who'll lay a wager?" asked the cook. "I bet half-a-crown she changes her mind before she gets to the top of the stairs."

"Perhaps she thinks the mistress will forgive her," the parlor-maid suggested, ironically.

"Or, perhaps," the housemaid added, "she means to give the mistress notice to leave."

"That's exactly what I'm going to do!" said Jane.

The women all declined to believe her. She appealed to Joseph. "What did I tell you, when the mistress first sent me out in the carriage with poor Miss Carmina? Didn't I say that I was no spy, and that I wouldn't submit to be made one? I would have left the house—I would!—but for Miss Carmina's kindness. Any other young lady would have made me feel my mean position. She treated me like a

friend—and I don't forget it. I'll go straight from this place, and help to nurse her!"

With that declaration, Jane left the kitchen. Arrived at the library door, she paused. Not as the cook had suggested, to "change her mind"; but to consider beforehand how much she should confess to her mistress, and how much she should hold in reserve.

Zoe's narrative of what had happened, on the evening of Teresa's arrival, had produced its inevitable effect on the maid's mind. Strengthening, by the sympathy which it excited, her grateful attachment to Carmina, it had necessarily intensified her dislike of Mrs. Gallilee—and Mrs. Gallilee's innocent husband had profited by that circumstance! Jane had discovered her master, standing in a state of bewildered contemplation before the open wardrobe of his daughters, and had asked slyly if she could be of any use. Never remarkable for presence of mind in emergencies, Mr. Gallilee had helplessly admitted to his confidence the last person in the house whom anyone else (in his position) would have trusted.

"My good soul, I want to take the girls away quietly for change of air—you have got little secrets of your own, like me, hav'n't you?" There, he checked himself, conscious, when it was too late, that he was asking his wife's maid to help him in deceiving his wife. Jane's ready wit helped him through the difficulty. "I understand, sir; you don't want my mistress to know of it." Mr. Gallilee, at a loss for any other answer, instantly pulled out his purse. "My mistress pays me, sir; I serve you for nothing." In those words, she would have informed any other man of the place which Mrs. Gallilee held in her estimation. Her master simply considered her to be the most disinterested woman he had ever met with. If she lost her situation through helping him, he engaged to pay her wages until she found another place. The maid set his mind at rest on that subject. "A woman who understands hair-dressing as I do, sir, can refer to other ladies besides Mrs. Gallilee, and can get a place whenever she wants it."

Having decided on what she should confess, and on what she should conceal, Jane knocked at the library door. Receiving no answer, she went in.

Mrs. Gallilee was leaning back in her chair; her hands hung down on either side of her; her eyes looked up drowsily at the ceiling. Prepared to see a person with an overburdened mind, the maid (without sympathy to quicken her perceptions) saw nothing but a person on the point of taking a nap.

"Can I speak a word, ma'am?"

Mrs. Gallilee's eyes remained fixed on the ceiling. "Is that my maid?" she asked.

Treated—to all appearances—with marked contempt, Jane no longer cared to assume the forms of respect either in language or manner.

"I wish to give you notice to leave," she said, abruptly; "I find I can't get on with my fellow-servants."

Mrs. Gallilee slowly raised her head and looked at her maid—and said nothing.

"And while I'm about it," the angry woman proceeded, "I may as well own the truth. You suspect one of us of helping my master to take away the young ladies' things—I mean some few of their things. Well, you needn't blame innocent people. I'm the person."

Mrs. Gallilee laid her head back again on the chair—and burst out laughing.

For one moment Jane looked at her mistress in blank surprise. Then the terrible truth burst on her. She ran into the hall and called for Joseph.

He hurried up the stairs. The instant he presented himself at the open door Mrs. Gallilee rose to her feet. "My medical attendant," she said, with an assumption of dignity; "I must explain myself." She held up one hand, outstretched, and counted her fingers with the other. "First my husband. Then my son. Now my maid. One, two, three. Mr. Null, do you know the proverb? 'It's the last hair that breaks the camel's back!'" She suddenly dropped on her knees. "Will somebody pray for me?" she cried, piteously. "I don't know how to pray for myself. Where is God?"

Bareheaded as he was, Joseph ran out. The nearest doctor lived on the opposite side of the square. He happened to be at home. When he reached the house the women-servants were holding down their mistress by main force.

CHAPTER LV.

ON the next day Mr. Mool—returning from a legal consultation to an appointment at his office—found a gentleman, whom he knew by sight, walking up and down before his door, apparently bent on intercepting him. "Mr. Null, I believe?" he said, with his customary politeness.

Mr. Null answered to his name, and asked for a moment of Mr. Mool's time. Mr. Mool looked grave, and said he was late for an appointment already. Mr. Null admitted that the clerks in the office had told him so, and said at last what he ought to have said first: "I am Mrs. Gallilee's medical attendant—there is serious necessity for communicating with her husband."

Mr. Mool instantly led the way into the office.

The chief clerk approached his employer with some severity of manner. "The parties have been waiting, sir, for more than a quarter of an hour." Mr. Mool's attention wandered—he was thinking of Mrs. Gallilee. "Is she dying?" he asked. "She is out of her mind," Mr. Null answered. Those words petrified the lawyer; he looked helplessly at the clerk—who, in his turn, looked indignantly at the office clock. Mr. Mool recovered himself. "Say I am detained by a most distressing circumstance: I will call on the parties later in the day at their own hour." Giving those directions to the clerk, he hurried Mr. Null upstairs into a private room. "Tell me about

it—pray tell me about it. Stop! Perhaps there is not time enough. What can I do?"

Mr. Null put the question which he ought to have asked when they met at the house-door. "Can you tell me Mr. Gallilee's address?"

"Certainly! Care of the Earl of Northlake—"

"Will you please write it in my pocket-book? I am so upset by this dreadful affair that I can't trust my memory."

Such a confession of helplessness as this, was all that was wanted to rouse Mr. Mool. He rejected the pocket-book, and wrote the address on a telegram. "Return directly: your wife is seriously ill." In five minutes more, the message was on its way to Scotland; and Mr. Null was at liberty to tell his melancholy story—if he could.

With assistance from Mr. Mool, he got through it. "This morning," he proceeded, "I have had the two best opinions in London. Assuming that there is no hereditary taint, the doctors think favorably of Mrs. Gallilee's chances of recovery."

"Is it violent madness?" Mr. Mool asked.

Mr. Null admitted that two nurses were required. "The doctors don't look on her violence as a discouraging symptom," he said. "They are inclined to attribute it to the strength of her constitution. I felt it my duty to place my own knowledge of the case before them. Without mentioning painful family circumstances—"

"I happen to be acquainted with the circumstances, Mr. Mool interposed. "Are they in any way connected with this dreadful state of things?"

He put that question eagerly, as if he had some strong personal interest in hearing the reply.

Mr. Null blundered on steadily with his story. "I thought it right (with all due reserve) to mention that Mrs. Gallilee had been subjected to—I won't trouble you with medical language—let us say, to severe trial (mental and bodily trial), before her reason gave way."

"And they considered that to be the great cause—?"

Mr. Null asserted his dignity.

"The doctors agreed with Me, that it had shaken her power of self-control."

"You relieve me, Mr. Null—you infinitely relieve me! If our way of removing the children had done the mischief, I should never have forgiven myself."

He blushed, and said no more. Had Mr. Null noticed the slip of the tongue into which his agitation had betrayed him? Mr. Null did certainly look as if he was going to put a question. The lawyer desperately forestalled him.

"May I ask how you came to apply to me for Mr. Gallilee's address? Did you think of it yourself?"

Mr. Null had never had an idea of his own, from the day of his birth, downward. "A very intelligent man," he answered, "reminded me that you were an old friend of Mr. Gallilee. In short, it was Joseph—the footman at Fairfield Gardens."

Joseph's good opinion was of no importance to Mr. Mool's professional interests. He could gratify Mr. Null's curiosity without fear of lowering himself in the estimation of a client.

"I had better, perhaps, explain that chance allusion of mine to the children," he began. "My good friend, Mr. Gallilee, had his own reasons for removing his daughters from home for a time—reasons, I am bound to add, in which I concur. The children were to be placed under the care of their aunt, Lady Northlake. Unfortunately, her ladyship was away with my lord, cruising in their yacht. They were not able to receive Marie and Zoe at once. In the interval that elapsed—you know our excellent friend?—Mr. Gallilee's resolution to make his authority felt (in plain words to meet his wife's expected resistance) showed signs of failing him. I regret to say, that I suggested the—the sort of clandestine departure which did in fact take place. I also permitted some—in short, some of the necessary clothing to be privately deposited here, and called for on the way to the station. Very unprofessional, I am aware. I did it for the best; and allowed my friendly feeling to mislead me. Can I be of any further use? Mr. Ovid will hear dreadful news, when he comes home. Can't we prepare him for it, in any way?"

"He asked me to telegraph to him, at Queenstown."

"Is there no friend who can meet him there? I have clients depending on me—cases in which property is concerned, and reputation is at stake—or I would gladly go myself. You, with your patients, are as little at liberty as I am. Can't you think of some other friend?"

Mr. Null could think of nobody, and had nothing to propose. Of the three weak men, now brought into association by the influence of domestic calamity, he was the feeblest, beyond all doubt. Mr. Mool had knowledge of law, and could on occasion be incited to energy. Mr. Gallilee had warm affections, which, being stimulated, could at least assert themselves. Mr. Null, professionally and personally, was incapable of stepping beyond his own narrow limits, under any provocation whatever. He submitted to the force of events, as a cabbage-leaf submits to the teeth of a rabbit.

(To be continued.)

CHARLES M. WHITNEY, SURVEYOR OF CUSTOMS FOR ST. LOUIS.

CHARLES M. WHITNEY, who was appointed Surveyor of Customs for the Port of St. Louis, Mo., in August last, was born, October 23d, 1833, in Wayland, Mass., and brought up on a farm. He received an academic education, and was graduated from the Albany Law School in the Spring of 1859. In 1867 he removed to St. Louis, where he has since resided, pursuing the practice of his profession. He is now Supreme Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, a social and fraternal organization, having a membership of three thousand of the solid busi-

ness men of St. Louis. Personally, he is one of the most popular men of the State, enjoying the confidence of all classes alike.

His present office combines, under the title of Surveyor of Customs, the functions and duties of both the Gauger of Customs and Collector of the Port. Mr. Whitney also received the appointment of United States Disbursing Agent, and through him the contractors and laborers of the new St. Louis Custom House are paid. Upon taking possession of his office, Mr. Whitney put into practice the principles of Civil Service Reform, discharging no one except for cause, and appointing none except for sound business reasons. No amount of pressure has been of avail to displace a competent clerk, and he has been governed only by the best interest of the public service in the few appointments he has made. His course has been instrumental in allaying party animosities and uniting all discordant elements, and in this respect has proved a valuable support to the Administration. As an organizer, Mr. Whitney possesses rare capacity, and, as an executive and presiding officer, he is said to rank among the best. His appointment over competitors who have been conspicuous in Republican politics was generally accepted as a recognition of the claims of the solid commercial and business class, and it is not doubted that the administration of his important office will amply justify the expectations of those who favored his selection.

HUMBOLDT BAR AND LIGHTHOUSE.

HUMBOLDT BAY, on the Pacific, 270 miles north of San Francisco, forms one of the best harbors on the coast, being sixteen miles in length, from one to five miles wide, and having a depth of twenty-one feet of water on the bar. The entrance is very narrow, its width not exceeding 300 feet, but vessels once within its shelter are safe from the wildest storm. Our illustration shows the bar, together with the lighthouse and life-saving station located at that point.

Facts of Interest.

THE Boston City Government has decided to place a bronze tablet upon the front line of the estates of Mrs. James M. Beebe and Mrs. Gardner Brewer, bearing the following inscription: "Here stood the residence of John Hancock, a prominent and patriotic merchant of Boston, the first signer of the Declaration of American Independence, and first Governor of Massachusetts under the State Constitution. Erected 1737, removed 1863." The Governor's old house was formerly on Beacon Street, a couple of rods west of the State House.

AN attempt was recently made to wreck a passenger-train near Wallingford, Ct., and two boys, aged respectively eleven and eight years, have confessed that they are the guilty parties, having been prompted to the deed by a desire to get revenge because an employé of the road had driven them off the track.

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT's "body-servants" are now beginning to die. "General" John Scott, of Montgomery, Alabama, leads off.

GIRTON COLLEGE, the girls' college at Cambridge University in England, is about to be enlarged, the applications for admission having recently been very much in excess of the present accommodations.

A NEVADA man, who has been very deaf for years, was recently severely burned about the face and neck, and afterwards found that he could hear perfectly well. He attributes his cure to the shock, but it is too violent a remedy to be generally accepted.

THE "roast beef of old England" evidently befits its name. With 19,000 head of live cattle yearly, 2,000 quarters weekly from Chicago and 1,000 carcasses weekly from one firm in New York going to the London and Liverpool markets, the roast beef of America is fast coming to the front on English dinner tables.

ON the morning of December 10th the inhabitants of Madrid, to their amazement, awoke to find that the city and surrounding country were covered with snow a foot deep. Such weather had not been known to the Spanish capital for twenty years, and the unvoiced visitation aroused the liveliest interest. The farmers, poor from last Summer's drought and failure of the crops, were specially delighted.

IN grading the Northern Pacific road-bed in Montana a charge of 240 boxes of powder was put into the side of a rocky mountain that projected into the river, blowing it out of sight, and so thoroughly doing the work that not a single additional charge was needed to clear away the fragments.

AT the funeral of a woman, the other day, in St. John's, N. B., the pall-bearers were six women wearing black dresses and white veils and gloves. They carried the coffin from the house to the hearse, into and out of the church and lowered it into the grave.

ONE vessel was lost at sea every four hours during 1881, according to the English *Nautical Gazette*. In 1879-80 there were 400 steamboat collisions in the North Atlantic Ocean.

SO OVERWHELMINGLY in debt is Pickens County, Alabama, that property can scarcely be given away. A few days ago 365 acres of fine timber land and a mill in good condition brought but \$210.

BUILDINGS to the value of \$14,409,000 have been erected in Denver, Col., in the past four years.

CONDUCTOR PRIEST, of the Lehigh and Hudson River Railroad, recently experienced an eventful week. On Monday his engineer and fireman were killed and a brakeman was badly hurt, the locomotive having left the track. On Tuesday he fell under his train, and only saved himself from death by holding to a revolving axle while he was dragged 200 feet. On the same day another brakeman had a hand crushed, which left the conductor the only unharmed employé on the train. On Thursday his train killed three cows.

M. M. KEYS, of Oxford, Miss., has patented a cotton cultivator and chopper, with which he cultivates twenty-five acres in cotton and twenty-five acres in corn.

SOME rude fellows nailed up the door of a building in Centreville, Prince Edward Island, in which a lecture was being held, and the audience was compelled to get out by a second-story window.

AMONG the articles which were taken from the malts during the past year were cans of dynamite and loaded pistols, as well as bowie knives and other sharp instruments.

IN Humboldt County, Cal., the whole area of the redwood forest has been mapped and platted. There are something over 500,000 acres of that timber in that county alone. Disinterested experts estimate 100,000 feet of lumber per acre as an average, if not a small yield. At \$18 per 1,000 feet, the redwood of Humboldt County alone would just about pay the present national debt.

VERMONT is said to produce more marble than any other State in the Union, or than any country except this. The business has expanded with marvellous rapidity since 1870, when comparatively little Vermont marble was to be found in the market. The aggregate amount of the State's production the present year is 1,000,000 cubic feet, valued at over \$2,000,000. The number of men employed in the quarries and mills exceeds 2,300, and it required 10,000 cars to carry the marble away. Nearly \$1,000,000 was paid for the labor of workingmen by the quarry owners.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—IMMIGRATION into Texas from the North-western and Southern States is increasing daily.

—THE citizens of Lyons, France, have sent \$10,000 to the Garfield Memorial Hospital Fund.

—A PROHIBITION amendment to the constitution of Maine has been proposed in its Legislature.

—TWENTY-FIVE thousand bids for the performance of Star Route Mail Service have been received.

—IN consequence of the depression of the silk trade in Macclesfield, a number of emigrants have started for Paterson, N. J.

—NEARLY 8,000 coal miners along the Monongahela River are idle, on account of a suspension of operations in seventy-five mines.

—THE mills in the neighborhood of Camden, Me., are almost entirely stopped by a drought—a most unusual thing at this season of the year.

—THE Emperor of Germany has granted 600,000 marks from the Imperial Treasury funds towards relieving the distress of the sufferers by the floods.

—BRITAIN imports during December last increased by £2,100,000 as compared with that month in 1881, the exports having decreased by £2,000,000.

—A DELEGATE convention is to be held at Pittsburgh in May to organize a federation of the coal-miners of the United States, who number 152,000.

—SEVERAL prominent citizens of Philadelphia have started a movement for the erection of a monument on the Revolutionary camp-ground of Valley Forge.

—THE New York Post Office sold last year nine tons of postage stamps, 118½ tons of postal cards and stamped envelopes, and seventeen tons of stamped newspaper wrappers.

—SMALLPOX is raging at Salem, Va., and Roanoke College has suspended and the students have gone home. The public schools have also closed, and business is at a standstill.

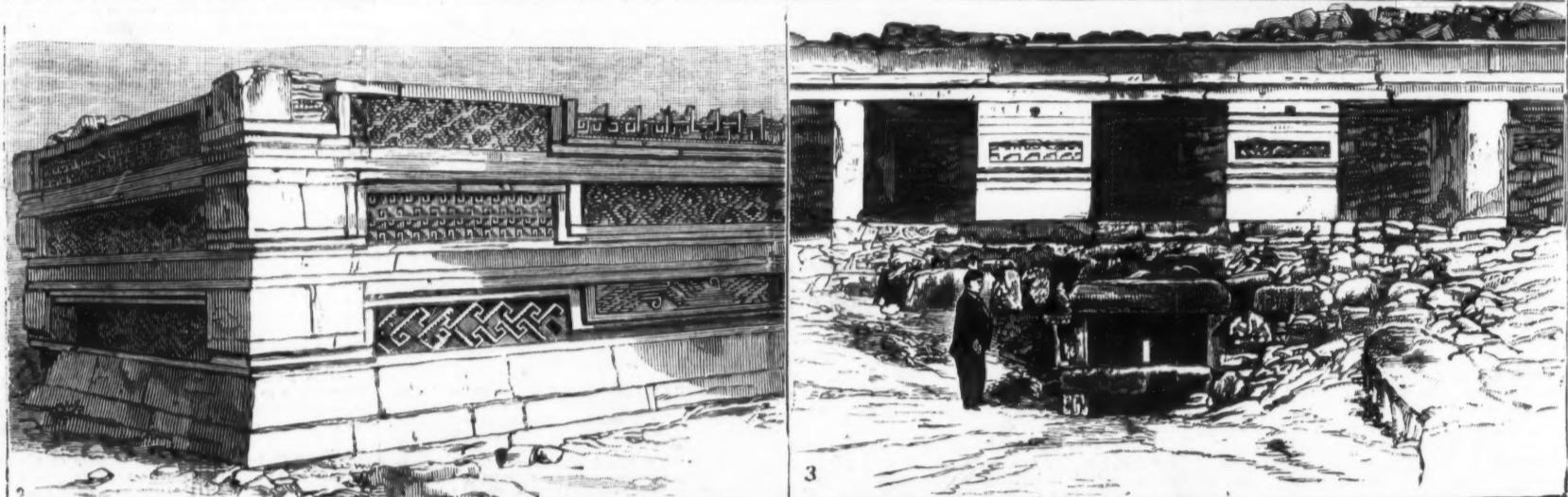
—ON orders from a London banking-house, Baltimore brokers are buying Confederate coupon bonds of the face value of \$1,000,000, for which they pay \$50 to \$9.75 per \$1,000.

—A VIOLENT earthquake shock was felt in Northern Ohio early on the morning of January 6th. The people were aroused from sleep by the shock, and cases are reported of chimneys having toppled over.

—THE Legislature of South Carolina has ratified by a large majority a proposed constitutional amendment disqualifying voters for minor felonious offenses, which is calculated largely to reduce the colored vote.

—SAN FRANCISCO's monument to the memory of Garfield is to be finished in about a year and a half. Mr. Happersberger, the artist, has gone to Europe to finish his models and have the bronzes cast at Munich.

—FOUR cars of crude silver, in bars of ninety-seven pounds each, consigned from the Montana mines to the First National Bank of Chicago,



1. Interior Hall of the Grand Palace. 2. Exterior of the Tombs of the Palaces. 3. Entrance to the Tombs.
MEXICO.—THE RUINED PALACES OF MITLA, STATE OF OAXACA.—FROM PHOTOS FURNISHED BY EMIL HERBUGEOT.—SEE PAGE 359.



1 Pegging Turtles. 2. Hauling the Net. 3. Giving the Turtles a Bath. 4. Natives carrying young Turtles to the Pound.
THE TURTLE-CATCHING AND TURTLE-PRESERVING INDUSTRY, OFF THE BAHAMAS.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 359.



TENNESSEE.—MARCH T. POLK, THE ABSCONDING STATE TREASURER.—PHOTO. BY W. E. ARMSTRONG.

THE
DEFAULTING TENNESSEE
TREASURER.

ONE of the most startling breaches of trust ever known in this country was brought to light a few days ago, when it was discovered that Marsh T. Polk, State Treasurer of Tennessee, was a defaulter to the amount of nearly half a million dollars. The first public announcement of the fact was made on January 5th, when the legislative committee appointed, according to custom, to examine the books of the State officers, reported that they found the Treasury in such condition that they recommended its operations should be suspended until an examination could be made, and that the Treasurer had not been seen about the Capitol for two days. The Legislature promptly ordered an investigation by a committee, which discovered that there was on hand in the Treasury only about \$6,000, the Treasurer's cash account being \$290,000 short. One hundred thousand dollars in United States bonds belonging to the State could not be found, thus making a total deficit of about \$400,000. The Treasurer was under a bond of only \$100,000, while at times he has had as much as \$600,000 on hand. The investigating committee soon discovered gross irregularities in the issuance of Polk's checks, and the theory was broached that the banks which had cashed them might be held liable; but this idea was soon given up, as, although the checks had not been countersigned by the Comptroller, the evidence showed that they had been given in payment of bona fide debts of the State.

At the last extra session of the Legislature a Bill was introduced to increase the bond of the State Treasurer, but the Bill was stolen from the desk of the Clerk of the Senate the night before the day on which it was to come up for final passage, which was also the day

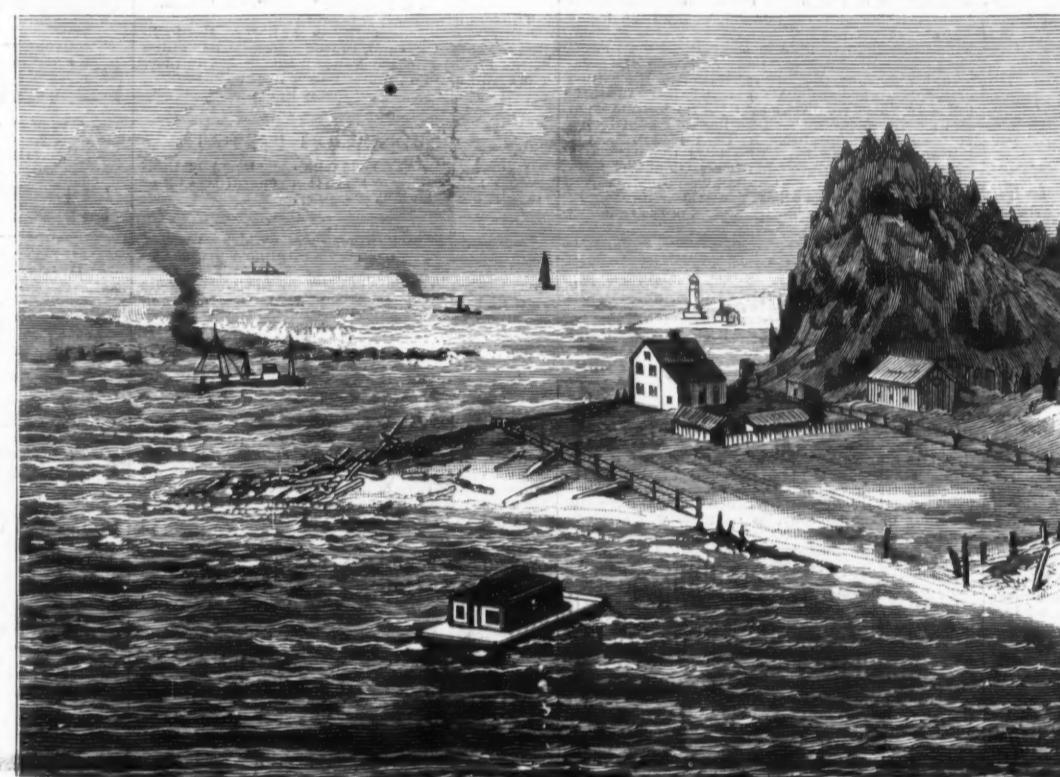
fixed for the final adjournment of the Legislature. It was then suspected that affairs were not as they should be, but the friends of Treasurer Polk succeeded in defeating a legislative resolution providing for an investigation into the affairs of his office.

The question of "Where has the money gone?" is easily answered. Treasurer Polk was a member of the Funding Board, and while that Board had its headquarters in New York last Fall he was said to have been engaged in extensive stock speculations, losing, it is said,

in his will should go to the most deserving of the Polk family whom the Legislature should select. He was born in Morgantown, N. C., on the 15th of May, 1831, and was educated at Georgetown, D. C., when a youth. He graduated at West Point in 1852, and served four years on the frontier. He married, on the 6th or 10th of January, 1866, Miss Evaline Bills, daughter of Major John H. Bills, a prominent citizen of Bolivar, Tenn. He was captain of artillery in the Confederate army under General Polk, and was wounded



SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE CUSTOM HOUSE AT CHARLESTON.—SEE PAGE 366.



CALIFORNIA.—VIEW OF HUMBOLDT BAR, SHOWING THE LIGHTHOUSE AND LIFE-SAVING STATION.
FROM SKETCHES BY J. E. MATHEWS.—SEE PAGE 363.

at the battle of Shiloh, captured and carried to Evansville, where his leg was amputated twice. After he was exchanged he was made lieutenant-colonel of artillery, and went on General Polk's staff. He has been State Treasurer for six years. His relatives and old comrades are astounded at his course. In a confession made subsequent to his arrest he threatens to make exposures involving other prominent State officials.

THE UNIVERSITY OF
ARKANSAS.

THE University at Little Rock, Ark., which was opened last Fall, is an educational institution of wide interest. It is the outgrowth of action taken by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held at Cincinnati in 1880, which resolved to put the education of the whites in the South under the direction of the Freedmen's Aid Society. It further determined to build two universities, which are designed to be of the first order. One of these is located at Little Rock, and the other at Chattanooga, Tenn. It is proposed to have seminaries or gymnasiums scattered throughout the South, which are to serve as feeders to these two universities. One such school is now in operation at Texarkana, with 150 pupils, and other schools will be started next Fall. The Little Rock University was opened last Autumn, and includes a College of Music, with over 100 students; a College of Medicine, with twenty-five in attendance, and a Literary Department of about seventy; while a Law School will be opened next Fall. The University is on a tract of thirteen acres of ground, in a most delightful location, ninety-five feet above the Arkansas River, on a rocky bank. It is within the corporation of Little Rock, and includes the former residence of Governor Clayton, with the finest grounds in the State, if not in

of the Trustees to furnish all the departments of a first-class University. On Thanksgiving Day the cornerstone of a new building



ARKANSAS.—THE M. E. CHURCH UNIVERSITY AT LITTLE ROCK.
PHOTO. BY JUDD.

\$100,000 on the decline of Memphis and Charleston. It is the general opinion that this was only one of a number of such operations, and that the State's money was swallowed up in Wall Street.

Polk left Nashville two days before the revelation of his perfidy, and started for Mexico. He reached New Orleans on Friday, January 5th, accompanied by his nephew and a servant, and, after buying arms and ammunition, they left on the noon train for Texas. The police had received no instructions to arrest the defaulter, and the party went on as far as San Antonio, Texas, without detention. There Polk was arrested by a private detective, who had heard of the arrival and strange behavior of a man answering the description of the defaulter, but by a bribe of \$50,000 of the stolen money he induced the officer to release him, and also to furnish a private detective to pilot him out of the country. The party left the train at Webb Station, and the detective started out to obtain a horse, while Polk hid in the brush. While lying there he was arrested by United States Marshal Sheehy, who spurned the bribe of \$8,000 which Polk offered to pay if he was permitted to escape, and took him to jail, where he awaited the arrival of extradition papers from Tennessee. When captured by the officer, Polk's hands and clothing were filled with prickly-pear thorns, which he had got from wandering in the thicket. Van Polk, his nephew, who called himself Van Leer, and the servant, succeeded in making their escape into Mexico. It is believed that Van Leer has a large sum of money with him in Mexico.

The discovery of Polk's crime was a great shock to the community, as he belongs to one of the most prominent families in the State. He is a nephew and an adopted son of ex-President Polk, and is the heir-apparent of the Polk mansion, a very valuable piece of property that President Polk provided



MISSOURI.—CHARLES M. WHITNEY, SURVEYOR OF CUSTOMS AT
ST. LOUIS.—SEE PAGE 363.

was laid, which, it is hoped, will be ready for use by the opening of the Fall Term of 1883. The building, which we illustrate, has no dormitories, being designed simply for literary work. Another building will be erected for dormitories. The University is controlled by a Board of Trustees, of which Bishop Warren, of Atlanta, Ga., is president, and is under the presidency of Rev. Dr. George W. Gray, with a well-selected faculty. It is designed to represent the higher educational interests of the country lying west of the Mississippi River, and south of the Missouri, and promises to be a most valuable institution.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE Custom House at Charleston is one of the most imposing edifices of the city, being built of granite and white marble, and is admirably adapted to the uses to which it is applied. The growing commerce of Charleston, and the important relation which the city bears to the development of Southern prosperity, must in time give the customs service at that port an importance fully commensurate with the ample provisions already made for its satisfactory performance.

NEW MUSIC.

MR. WILLIAM FULLERTON, JR., who has shown by previous compositions that he has a true musical genius, has recently published, through the London firm of Chappell & Co., "Tel-el-Kebir" Grand March for the pianoforte, which cannot but add to the very favorable reputation already acquired by this promising young American. The march, though cast in the conventional mold, is vigorous and well thought out. Mr. Fullerton has something to say and says it with skill. The leading subject is a grand and full expression, and the trio is exceedingly graceful, though its syncopations may somewhat trouble the amateur pianist. The recognition accorded to Mr. Fullerton and his compositions in London, where he is at present residing, is a cause of much gratification to his friends here, who have watched his career with interest. This composition, as well as others from Mr. Fullerton's pen, should be republished on this side of the Atlantic. They ought to and would achieve an instant popularity.

Female Education in Russia.

From a letter written to the New York *Herald* from St. Petersburg it appears that the education of women is very popular in Russia. In October last the St. Petersburg University for Women graduated its first class, numbering 160. In 1881 there appear to have been 930 women attending the lectures, 417 of whom were in the department of literature, 466 in the physico-mathematical department, and fifty-five on the special faculty of mathematics. All religious creeds are represented, and every social rank from the noblewoman to the peasant girl. The great popularity of woman education is probably due, in great measure, to the great services rendered by the Medical Academy for Women. The graduates sent forth by this institution did such excellent work as surgeons, physicians and Sisters of Charity on the battlefields of Turkey during the years 1877-78, as to obtain a tribute from the late Czar, who caused a special decoration to be distributed to all the graduates of the medical academy. Their practical utility is demonstrated by the fact that the academy is not able to supply the demands for women physicians. The most renowned professors acknowledge the capacity of Russian women for medical training by their eagerness to lecture to women students. Of late the college has fallen under the displeasure of the Government, which has ordered it to vacate its home in the Military Hospital of St. Nicholas, thus threatening its continued life, unless means are soon forthcoming to provide for its future maintenance. Since then subscriptions have been flowing in from all quarters, the St. Petersburg University for Women has offered a helping hand, and its existence seems for the present to be assured.

A New Explosive.

SEBASTINE is the name of a new explosive brought to light in Sweden, which is attracting much attention. It appears to be based upon nitro-glycerine, but, while both more powerful and cheaper than the ordinary dynamite, possesses greater safety, because the explosive oil is more completely absorbed and bound by a specially prepared kind of charcoal and other ingredients, and because in ordinary cases it requires no percussion-cap to explode. In mining, sebastine is exploded simply by the fuse, providing the bore-hole is properly secured by a strong wadding, as in an ordinary charge of blasting powder. According to official statements not one single instance of accident has happened from its use. The Swedish Government having ordered trials of sebastine against dynamite, it is said to have been proved that sebastine was far superior in effect and about equal in force to English gun-cotton when used in torpedoes.

The Oxford Commons.

WITH all her conservatism Oxford University is in some matters downright democratic. When Prince Leopold was a student at Christ Church he was obliged to comply with the rules requiring all the students of that college to eat in commons. He took his two-and-sixpenny with the rest. No man is allowed to order anything above beer, of which Christ Church has had from immemorial time a famous brew of her own. Princes, dukes and lesser noblemen are, for the time, on a level with the most plebeian—titles being dropped with all other formalities. The dinners are solid, if not attractive to *gourmets* of the French school. But any lacking in the *cuisine* is made up by the noble proportions and magnificent adornments of the great hall where the feasts take place. The walls are hung three feet deep with full-lengths and bust portraits of renowned Christ Church scholars—poets, historians, mathematicians, statesmen, generals and admirals, as well known in America as in England. Any two-and-sixpenny dinner, even with nothing better than gooseberry-tart for dessert, ought to taste good with such glorious surroundings.

A Japanese Execution.

THE punishment of the rebels who recently attacked the Foreign Legation at Séoul has been a subject of the most intense excitement throughout Japan. A French paper has secured the most authentic account of the ceremony—for it fully deserves such a name. The scene was the Bokwakan, or Government House, in the interior of which the Commander-in-Chief of the Korean army seated himself in full uniform at about five o'clock in the morning. In the background were Korean foot soldiers, and on each side a detachment of Japanese regular soldiers. In the house itself, the commandant was surrounded by officers of the Korean army, armed with bows and arrows. As the time for the great event drew near, the bands,

composed of drums of all sizes, trumpets and gongs, began to send forth a tremendous and discordant sound. Then two salvoes of musketry were fired by the troops. Two standard-bearers appeared in the open space, and, after waving their yellow banners with the national arms upon them, retired, leaving the ground clear. Next came the chief executioner, with his assistants, and at last the two culprits arrived, pinioned and sitting in open sedan chairs. The jailers dragged them by the hair before the commandant, and, after they had ineffectually pleaded for mercy, they were touched on the head with the fatal arrow. Their faces were sprinkled with water and the ground spread with a white powder, and then finally the signal of attack was given. The executioners rushed upon their victims with drawn swords, of which, however, the edges had been carefully blunted for the occasion. Only at the thirteenth stroke were the two heads severed from the bodies, and, after being shown to the commandant, cast into a ditch designed for a burial-place.

Religious Instruction in Reform Schools.

THE following regulation in regard to religious instruction in the Massachusetts State Primary and Reform Schools has recently been adopted: "The Superintendent shall have the direction of the moral and religious instruction of the inmates, and shall have charge of the Sunday-school. There shall be daily devotional exercises and religious services every Sunday. He shall endeavor to exclude from the services and instruction everything of a sectarian character. He may invite clergymen of various denominations to officiate in these general services, and their attention, before engaging them, shall be called to this regulation; but special services may be held by Roman Catholic priests every Sunday and instruction given by them once a week, subject only to the necessary requirements of the discipline of the schools. All these services shall be in accordance with the provisions of the statutes."

A Poem by the President.

DR. ASA G. STILLMAN, of Albia, N. Y., has in his possession a witty little poem, composed by President Arthur in 1881, when President Arthur was a school-teacher at North Royalton, Vt., and the doctor was one of his pupils. The doctor was a shy lad, who always had trouble in committing "a piece" for recitation. Having failed to do so on one occasion, his teacher, the now President of the United States, composed and assisted him to learn the little poem in question. After that young Stillman got on finely in recitation, and he has ever kept in his possession the production. Dr. Stillman is the father of two fine boys who bear the names of Chester Arthur Stillman and Roscoe Conkling Stillman. Chester Arthur Stillman, who is now about the age his father was when President Arthur taught him, recited the verses composed for his father at the Sunday-school exercises of the Pawling Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church on a recent Sunday.

A BOOK OF POEMS.

"A RED - LETTER DAY AND OTHER POEMS." By LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1882.

This little volume of poems bespeaks rare taste and much definiteness in verse-writing, "A Red-Letter Day" being the *pièce de résistance*. This is no attempt at word-torture, or are hidden meanings put upon the rack. Each poem tells its own story whether it be piteous or joyful. There are translations from the German admirably well done, and verses with a Sierra ring in them such as Joaquin Miller would approve. The volume is gotten up in exquisite taste, and while its appearance will secure its passport to the boudoir, its contents will serve to render it a welcome guest.

CHEAP MUSIC.

THE now famous collections issued by BENJ. W. HITCHCOOK, of this city, have no equal on either side of the Atlantic, considering the quality of the music, its correctness and the quantity supplied at the low price of 50 cents per volume of 250 pages. There are now four books of "Old and New Songs" and one of "Popular Dance Music," the latter embracing most of the very recent music for dancing. Mr. HITCHCOOK has been publishing over twenty years, and his publications are in nearly every household in the land. The series of books before mentioned is regarded as far superior to any other cheap musical issue. When we can purchase 500 standard songs, with words and music, complete for \$2, each song occupying two good-size pages, we cannot ask for anything better.

THE people of Buffalo are felicitating themselves upon having, at last, a first-class hotel. The new "GENESEE" erected by the late Dr. Walter Cary, and leased by Messrs. Harris & Loesken, well known as the proprietors of the Clarendon at Saratoga, and opened last month to the public, is described as being in every way sumptuous in its structure, appointments and service. Its staff of waiters, cooks and clerks has been gathered from the leading hotels in New York city and Washington, and the proprietors being also imbued with metropolitan ideas, there would seem to be no room for doubt that the new venture will become deservedly popular and successful.

FUN.

OSCAR WILDE said he wanted to go to some country where he was not known, and straightway started for England.

SPEAK gently to your servant-girl, for, verily, she has the power to ruin you by letting the water run and the gas burn far into the night.

THE zodiacal sign for the opening of Winter is a goat. The goat is a hard butter, and hard butter is almost always a sign that the weather is cold.

THE turtle is so slow that he must take his house with him when he goes out for a walk. Otherwise he might not be able to reach home by bedtime.

"UNITED at last!" cried the Chicago bride and groom after a long courtship. "UNITED at last!" cried the Chicago bride and groom after a short matrimony.

THE task of revising the Old Testament is progressing slowly. Singularly enough, the people don't seem to be growing impatient at the slowness of the work. If it was a to-be-continued Ouida or Mrs. Southworth story, it would be different.

"WELL," remarked a young M. D., just from college, "I suppose the next thing will be to hunt a good location, and then wait for something to do, like 'patience on a monument'." "Yes," said a bystander, "and it won't be long after you begin before the monuments will be on the patients."

"If you don't like my sermons, pray what kind do you like?" said a pertinacious minister to an over-candid parishioner. "Well," was the reply, "I like the kind that drives a man into the corner of his pew and makes him think the devil is after him. When you preach like that I shall be converted."

SOME men are mighty unreasonable. A Vermont man told a neighbor he had hidden \$200 in a haystack, and when he found the neighbor round that haystack the next dark night, accused him of planning to steal the money, when anybody might know that he was merely trying to find out if he had told the truth.

"SLEEP SPLENDIDLY."

A gentleman in Memphis, Tennessee, who has been using the Compound Oxygen Treatment, in speaking of its good effects in his case, says: "I find my general health splendid. Work all day—no weariness at night, except that caused by work. Sleep splendidly! Appetite best in the world. No cold since using the Oxygen." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AN old miser, who was notorious for self-denial, was one day asked why he was so thin. "I do not know," said the miser; "I have tried various means for getting fatter, but without success." "Have you tried virtues?" inquired a friend.

"DO YOU KNOW," remarked a prominent gentleman to us a few days ago, "DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP is really a good thing. My daughter would have me use it for a bad cough and it did cure me."

JUNIOR (labouriously)—"Dor Buch ist?" Professor G.—"Hold i sir. Did you ever see a book of the masculine gender?" Junior (promptly)—"Yes, sir. A hymn book, sir."

THE METNA LIFE INSURANCE CO. commences the new year with brilliant prospects. Its investments are of a most satisfactory character. Its stocks and bonds rank high in value, and exceed their cost a larger percentage than in any previous year. Its forces are well organized, and the company will continue increasing its business and usefulness. The friends, patrons and management of the METNA LIFE may well feel proud of it.—*Hartford Post*.

THE MILWAUKEE DISASTER.

JUDSON J. HOUGH'S DEATH.

MAROO, ILL., Jan. 11th, 1883.
JAMES R. PITCHER, Secretary United States Mutual Accident Association, 469 Broadway, New York: Policy 2,469, Judson J. Hough, killed in hotel fire at Milwaukee yesterday.

J. A. PARSONS, for Hattie E. Hough. The following reply was sent: "Our sincere sympathy is with Mrs. Hattie E. Hough, whose husband, Judson J. Hough, was killed at the burning of the Newhall House, Milwaukee. The claim will be promptly paid in full, \$5,000."

"JAMES R. PITCHER, Sec."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Is recommended for headache occasioned by indigestion, and whenever there is a general feeling of sluggishness and lack of energy.

HUNDREDS of men, women and children rescued from beds of pain, sickness and almost death and made strong and hearty by PARKER'S GINGER TONIC are the best evidences in the world of its sterling worth. You can find these in every community.

DANDRUFF

IS REMOVED BY THE USE OF COCAINE, AND IT STIMULATES AND PROMOTES THE GROWTH OF THE HAIR. BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS ARE THE BEST.

NO WELL-REGULATED household should be without a bottle of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEQUEST & SONS.

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Is contained in many qualities of milk unprepared, but there is ample in ANGLO-SWISS MILK-FOOD for infants and invalids.

CASWELL, MASSEY & CO.'S RUM AND QUININE for the hair. Freely acknowledged the leading preparation for the growth of the hair. 1,121 Broadway, 578 5th Avenue, and Newport, R. I.

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A Specific for Dyspepsia. Sold by all Druggists, 25 cts. per box. Sent by mail. J. N. HEGEMAN & CO., Broadway, cor. 8th St., N. Y.

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We want 200,000 new readers for our paper immediately, and in order to obtain them and introduce it into every home in the Union, we are now making extraordinary offers. We will send our new paper, entitled "Youth" for the next three months to all who will send us thirty-three cents in one-cent postage stamps, to pay postage and cost of this advertisement; and to each person we will send absolutely free, any one of the Little Wonder Time-keepers. Any one sending \$1.00 for three subscriptions will receive paper and Time-keeper free.

YOUTH is a large 32-column Illustrated Literary and Family Paper, filled with bright and sparkling Stories, Sketches, Poems, Household Notes, Pictures, etc.; in fact, everything to amuse and instruct the whole family circle. We know that you will be more than pleased. Address at once, Mrs. Publishing Co., 27 Doane St., Boston, Mass.

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It eradicates all diseases of the Scalp and Skin, removes Dandruff and keeps the hair soft and silken. We ask you to try it, and after using one-third of a bottle, if not satisfied, return it to the dealer, and your money shall be refunded.

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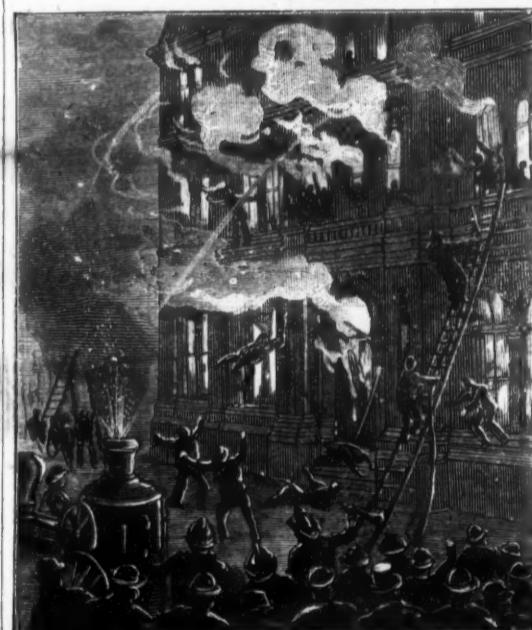


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